I PLACE MY WORKS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

USE OF MY WORK IS FREE FOR ALL.

-BRIAN RAY CAMPOS 7/14/2026

Manchild (Unfinished)

Manchild (unfinished) by Brian Ray Campos is marked CC0 1.0<img src="https://mirrors.creativecommons.org/presskit/icons/cc.svg" alt="" style="max-width: 1em;max-height:1em;margin-left: .2em;"><img src="https://mirrors.creativecommons.org/presskit/icons/zero.svg" alt=""

style="max-width: 1em;max-height:1em;margin-left: .2em;">

8/27

1: I dreamt of a great battle of druidic forces, the keepers of the grove versus the dark forces of Ingra Maloch. The wooden, blue eyed helms adorned wisps of darkness that swarmed into the first gate, corrupting it. The keepers held strong, but fought in a chokepoint as opposed to the grand theatre of the colossal portal: 1 keeper and perhaps 12 or more dryads fought the swarm, who were too mindless and attacked in an unbroken line perpendicular to the wide formation of the spear hurling herd.

2: Beforehand, I slept in a chamber of delights and was in debaucherous heat with a slew of 3 giant women. The one I held a particular fancy was of a berserker's build. She pinned me down and fucked me from the back. I was embarrassed to see one of them was fat, due to the great shame that it places upon you as deemed by our modern society. I had to leave them for the event was on the eve of battle between the dark forces of the woods and the Keepers of the Grove. Already, the forces of darkness begun to assail and corrupt the women as they were somehow helpless to leave, or perhaps they chose to stay and fight the darkness then and there.

Constantine Tsutras, ORDM.

I. TRUE MEANING OF NUMBER 13

Why does the number 13 give people such a bad case of the creeps?

"The number 13 has a number of very old references that tend to be associated with groups of 13 people," explained author and psychology professor Stuart Vyse.

"At the Last Supper in Christian theology, there were 13 dinner guests, so that number is unlucky because Christ was betrayed. And in Norse mythology, 12 benevolent gods were gathering in a hall and the evil god Loki attacked the group. Loki was the 13th guest, and the god Balder was killed in the melee."

Vyse noted that President Franklin D. Roosevelt was quite fearful of the number 13, and he took great pains to avoid hosting a meal for a group of that size. "If he had a cancellation and it looked as if there might be 13 people to lunch, he invited his secretary to join them so there wouldn't be 13," he said.

The fear of the number 13 is so pervasive that it even has a phobia named after it “triskaidekaphobia.” Based on this phobia, airlines typically do not have a 13th row, and most tall buildings do not have a 13th floor.

Historically, On October 13, 1307, a day so infamous that Friday the 13th would become a synonym for ill fortune, officers of King Philip IV of France (by order of the Pope) carried out mass arrests in a well-coordinated dawn raid that left several thousand Templars — knights, sergeants, priests, and serving brethren — in chains, charged with heresy, blasphemy, and various obscenities. None of these charges were ever proven, even in France — and the Templars were found innocent elsewhere — but in the seven years following the arrests, hundreds of Templars suffered excruciating tortures intended to force "confessions," and many died under torture or were executed by burning at the stake.

And now a deeper look at the true meaning of 13:

It is known to many persons who are not students of the occult that the Tarot is a method of divination by means of 78 symbolic picture cards, to which great antiquity and high importance are attributed by several expositors. And the literary history of the Tarot is also fairly well known.

In ancient times the number 13 became a number of fear and superstition because the 13th card of the Tarot is the card of Death, and is pictured as a skeleton (the symbol of death) with a scythe reaping down men in a field of newly grown grass where young faces and heads appear cropping up on all sides. This image later became known as “The Grim Reaper,” and it was ascribed to the planet Saturn. In medieval England the standard fee of the hangman was 13 pence - a shilling and a penny ... But 13 is not an unfortunate number, as is generally supposed.

It has become so firmly associated in the popular mind with the notion of “bad luck” that it is easy to forget the fact that in the ancient mystic religions 13 was the characteristic number of participants in many orders and occult groups, including sacred meals – a fact reflected in the size of the original Nazarene Last Supper. And it can be clearly shown that 13 is the most cherished number of the United States.

Starting with the 13 colonies, the first national flag had 13 stars, and even today it still has 13 stripes. On the green side of the dollar bill there are 13 steps in the pyramid of the Great Seal. The motto above the pyramid, which reads “Annuit Coeptis,” has 13 letters; the eagle on the right side has a ribbon in its beak that bears the motto “E pluribus unum,” which contains 13 letters. The eagle has 13 tail feathers, and on its breast there is a shield of 13 stripes. In one talon the eagle holds 13 arrows, and in the other an olive branch with 13 leaves and 13 berries. Over the eagle’s head are 13 stars that form the six-pointed “Star of David.”

The phrase “July the Fourth” contains 13 letters and the number 4 (1+3), the birth number of the U.S. (July 4, 1776), which leads us to the real reason why the “founding fathers” chose this date as the official birth date of the United States:

In the occult science of numerology it is said that, “He who understands the number 13 will be given power and dominion. It is a number of upheaval and destruction; a symbol of power which, if wrongly used, will wreak havoc and destruction upon itself.”

Astronomically, on July 4th the longitude of the Sun is 12° Cancer in the Heavens, and on this date the Sun conjoins the great star Sirius, whose longitude is 13° Cancer. Sirius is a first-magnitude star that is 40 times brighter than the Sun. It was venerated in ancient Egypt from time immemorial, and was held in great reverence by the ancient Egyptians because it rose heliacally with the Sun at dawn during the inundation of the Nile River, the lifeline of ancient Egypt.

In astrological parlance it is said: “If the great star Sirius is well-placed in a horoscope, it will contribute to the amassing of wealth and the acquisition of fame and honor.” Sirius conjuncts the Sun in the horoscope of the United States, in the 2nd house of money and material possessions. The Part of Fortune is 13° Capricorn – opposing the Sun and Sirius – in the 8th house of other people’s resources. These powerful cosmic patterns explain, astrologically, the great wealth of this country.

Cancer is the fourth (1+3) sign of the zodiac and the Moon rules Cancer. The average celestial motion of the Moon is 13° per day, and 13 weeks is the time it takes the Earth to travel from the equinoxes to the solstices.

For example, it takes the Earth 13 weeks to travel from the first day of spring (March 20th) to the first day of summer (June 21st); 13 weeks from the first day of summer to the first day of fall (Sept. 23rd); 13 weeks from the first day of fall to the first day of winter (Dec. 21st); and it takes the Earth 13 weeks to travel from the first day of winter to the first day of spring.

13x4=52, which is the time it takes (in weeks) the Earth to make one complete revolution around the Sun, and in most years lunations (i.e., conjunctions between the Sun and Moon) occur 13 times.

The fear of the number 13 is unfounded internationally as well. It is an honored number in many countries throughout the world. There are 13 occurrences of the quantity 13 in the design of the Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt, the largest stone edifice ever built. In the Indian Pantheon there are 13 Buddhas. The mystical discs that surmount Indian and Chinese pagodas are 13 in number. Enshrined in the Temple of Atsuta in Japan is a sacred sword with 13 objects of mystery forming its hilt. And 13 was the sacred number of the ancient Mexicans – they had 13 snake gods.

The 13th letter of the English alphabet is M, which finds its roots in the 13th letter of the Hebrew alphabet, “mem” (meaning mother), which was the ancient Phoenician word for water. The ancient Egyptian word for water was “moo.” M is the most sacred of all the letters, for it symbolizes water, where all life began. It is the root of the word “mother,” and relates to the evolutionary destiny of civilization ruled by the number 13. The African continent is the Cradle of Civilization, where the first forms of modern human societies existence were discovered. Thus, mankind truly is ... “The Chosen Caretakers of the Universe.”

Just a thought ...

~Justin Taylor, ORDM., OCP., DM.

Powered by Werdsmith

Sanitorium

Prelude

I will be mocked, ridiculed, looked better than, but I don’t care. I must make it.

Life is but a dream. Once, two sons were born to Nyx, Goddess of Night and Hypnos, God of Sleep. The eldest was Morphius, who lived in the visions of

dreamers. Rising to his calling meant someone must abandon all other paths for the prospect of greatness. Thus, heroes and kings called Morpheus: the Destiny Bringer. To accept his gift required impossible risk and loneliness in the midst of adoration, *but to deny him - madness.* Then there was Phobetor, whom they called: The Dread Crawler, for he dwelled only in nightmares and fed on the acrid fumes of human fear. A shapeshifter, he appeared as the manifestation of Terror, forcing a choice between the path of uncertainty and the path of mediocrity. To meet Phobetor's gaze required great courage, *to look away - shame*. Only in the grey hour, in the moments of shadow and light will the balance of power dangle between the destiny bringer's favor and the dread crawler's wrath. Only there, between waking and sleep will we recognize our true path.

My name is Maleen, and I am a son of the Internet Age. Though I'd like to romanticize the origin of my real name (Brian), it was probably named so because my parents were subconsciously inspired by the movie "Life of Brian". Brian means high and noble in Irish tongue, and I'd like to say I did my best to fit the caricature of the endowment. This didn't turn out like that, and I am only unsure of if it will ever be so. You see, I believe am an undiagnosed autistic person, meaning I have problems with the fundamentals of simple communication. Even here in this book you will find that my writing style may become hard to discern at times, though I do my best. Maleen is my preferred name, the one my friends use to call me. It was a randomized happenstance in a game, but I like to think I kept it because I admire women and simply wanted to have an inspiring example in my life. It is unfortunate what caused this second naming. I had a yearning for an inspiring woman in my life because my mother inspired much dread and fear during my youth.

Chapter 1: Raised in Rage

II. If my parents were an element, they would both be fire. Their troubled past and resulting steps in life prove their nature. They speak of the most influential moments of their lives with hesitation as it's my personal belief that they forgot much of the past for the sake of solace. And so, the anecdotal evidence I provide here is conjecture at best. We start with my father, for he's around 13 years older. My father was many things. I'd like to think he is a warrior foremost, descendant of a fearless berserker with a craving to do battle. He grew up as a surfer, defying the tides but living very peacefully. It was a musical time for him, as he enjoyed the flow of the water and its symbolism for life. All good things come to an end, and the adverse happened as he became a soldier, and learned how to kill. He became competent enough in military doctrine to be a member of the Airborne 174th platoon as a lieutenant. He toiled further as a warrior of America and trained to become an Army Ranger to hone his skills even further, but not before tragedy. My father's father, Raymundo, had become gravely ill, and so Rafael abandoned his path to attend to my grandfather. I don't Rafael minded the racism or the toil he mentioned, his heart told him he just had to go see his father. Not long after this did he meet Diane, my mother. She became pregnant with me when she was 19.

Diane Plascenscia was a child born of challenge, born on a farm. She lived in an attention competitive family of 9 and had rough interactions with the boys, which taught her how to hold her own using aggression. She held life beloved, but the nature of the farm business turned her mind when her best friend in a pig was taken to slaughter in order to sell its meat for money that the family desperately needed. Her sister Francis was the first to leave the home and set an example of how things are to be done when venturing alone. Diane idolized her and followed her example. The difference between Francis and her sister however was caution, for Diane had grown a defiant and reckless personality. In her lack of caution, she ended up in falling in love with a boy and got pregnant at the age of 14, having a daughter at around 15 years old. Her name became Brittany.

Her mother Victoria was ashamed and resentful of the situation that was her child-bearing daughter and berated her until she left the household to join her sister. Francis took in Diane and established a new life where she had come to know the struggles of a person who decided to take charge. My mother took these lessons for granted however, as she would make a habit

of leaving Brittany unattended without communicating her plans, shocking Francis at her apathy of potential danger. As Diane and Francis' relationship began to faulter from the tragedy of miscommunication, my father came into the picture to aid her and the teen mother moved on from Francis to continue on her chaotic journey. My father was patient with my mother, sharing the feeling of the ill effects of being mocked and ashamed, but still they would fight verbally very often. One such case was during the trip to the hospital in Encino, California while she was in labor. I caused my mother great pain (more than Brittany) during the process and in agony, she took upon her fiery spirit and agitated Rafael until he lost focus and they had a minor collision with a car. My mother became livid at the incompetence and her frustration was legendary. This was the advent of my birth on June 5th, 1997.

III. In my growing years there was a great concern among my parents. In contrast to Brittany, I was quiet, very quiet. I would take longer to do all things considered menial for a newborn. And around these things two crucial things happened. Probably due to my apparent impairment, my mother sought answers and learned about my father's tragic life that she was unaware of. She was never prepared to hear that he suffered a grievous injury in a horrific car accident on a highway that resulted in the death of his friend. Horrified by the figurative blood on Rafael's hands, I assume she became disgusted by him and quickly moved on to seek love elsewhere covertly while in the care of the Campos family. She also successfully became a nurse at around this time. This is how I came to meet my step - father, Greg at 2 years of age. My defiant nature both amused and irritated him as I would come into contact with him more often than even my mother. Though my mother was cunning, my father was still a trained soldier and eventually found out Diane was cheating on him.

Upon finding out, he took to drinking in sorrow, and one night he resolved to make change in a turbulent decision. He decided to take me back to my mother, perhaps never to see me again in an effort to relieve the pain of rejection and the lack of respect that she had done unto him. My most prominent of early memories is that very night. I was instructed during the night by my father who seemed composed but irritated. He told me to get behind the right passenger's seat, and I did so willingly. My father was my god, and I had the utmost respect for him above all other people. I noticed little except for the shifting lights as I observed from the foot space in between that backseat and the passenger side seat. Drunken and despairing, my father began to weep while driving me to my mother, which was about a mile away. The aura of composure and security began to fade as the car began to swerve. To the best of my knowledge, this swerving began on the freeway overpass over the 405. Shortly afterward was the alarm of sirens and emergency lights shifting the lights again around the car. Violent tugs of the car began to move my body as I tucked in behind the passenger seat and prepared myself for an impact. As the sirens grew louder, I awaited only for this perceived eternity of confusion to be over. I wasn't aware of any coming impact until it happened suddenly with a mess of sound. I kept put until I was told to go, then. I then glimpsed my father being beaten on the wrists by a fervently driven cop as I ran to my mother to escape the chaos. Diane huddled us away from the scene, and guided us through the house until we ended up in the master bedroom, crying in a corner. I

Memories are brief and scattered here, such as those of the coming nights after this tragedy. I would sleep in the large bed in that room of mourning with Diane and Greg, occasionally rolling off of the bed and at times waking up on the floor.

Another memory around this time period was that of another traumatic one, I assume at around the age of 5, I woke up on hospital gurney with 5 shots impaled at different parts of my lower body. The pain was shared with the shock and horror of the visual protrusions validating the presence and pressure of foreign objects in my body.

The earliest consistent memories come from my attendance in an elementary school known as Visitation. I'd act a normal boy here as best I could, but my quirks began to create resistance within the human nature of my companions, and my courses of action led me to experience my first dealing with ostracization during a day known as Student Appreciation Day. For 3 of the four hours, I sat alone, contemplating my conundrum of being too bored with people, and yet lonely. Time would pass quickly as I began to realize myself and made a constant effort to stand against being alone. As a result of the growing divide of loneliness and interaction with other people I would enact my wildest desires, and be mean, overtly energetic, and shamelessly joyous of insignificant things. I would chase bugs, make repeated jokes about chips while admiring Godzilla with my classmates. My tendency to express myself in the absolute was shown in my learning as well, when I grew to defy the doctrine of the Catholic School in how it taught science, this made my step father Greg, especially proud. The disappointment in my impediments seemed to cease altogether as I was told and constantly reassured that I was smart by everyone in the family. My mother had allowed me to see my grandparents often, and I enjoyed their company and the breadth of knowledge they had come to have at hand in personal libraries, enthralling stories and classical music.

Human tragedy would soon come again as I became an icon of redemption for my family. During an outside venture to my neighbor's house with my sister Brittany and her friend. I was shoved into a pool by Brittany's companion in an uneducated attempt to teach me how to swim. My sister had to dive in the pool to save me as I sunk like a stone.

Word of this reached to most of my family and my sister's bravery overshadowed the loss of a friend. I felt guilt for a situation that I could have prevented had it not been for fear, as I enjoyed and missed the company of

any person that was willing to take risks in associating with me. Brittany moved on from this quicker than I did and I stopped going to the pool as frequently due a deep sympathy and related guiltiness. There was a blindness and lack of empathy that everyone who celebrated Brittany seemed to have for the girl that simply made a very bad mistake. Little did I know that this fear of standing up for perceived evil would only begin to form a rift between the family and I.

I turned 10 in the year 2007, and I assume this was around the time where I would mirror this tragedy. It started when my grandmother: Ana, observed a boy sitting on the opposite end of the street. He was a part of a small family who were new as neighbors here. They bought the house I used to visit for the pool parties with my sister since the elder resident: Tula, had passed away. Ana must have bound the sorrow of the lost friend with the loneliness of the boy across the street, and verbally prodded me to approach him and make friendship. This was something I was very hesitant to do, as I already understood that new companions are not what they appear to be, myself included. The new friend's name was Brian Adler, and I resolved to undertake this duty in the everlasting mission to improve myself and live beyond the tragedy of my early life. I eventually enjoyed his company, as he was fond of the internet as well as I. We grey to appreciate each other's interests and simply watched each other engage in something the other had passion for, forming a relationship of actor and observer. In the course of weeks, I invited him to our house and my family enjoyed his presence. This was an opportunity to present someone with a passion that had been growing on me: gaming.

Gaming was enchanting to me, as my ever growing boredom of social conduct's rules were nonexistent in the gaming world. People of all ages mingled together, young and old, shy and talkative and many more forms of opposites in life were engaging with each other due to true anonymity. The great culture of the internet was in bloom as hubs of people chatted, the particular platform I visited was in Warcraft III and World of Warcraft.

I introduced Brent to WoW to and this was the passion on my end, while he enjoyed Halo and Dynasty Warriors: Gundam (Or a very similar game). We both recognized the variety and endless diversity of the gaming world, but while he was still very capable of retaining the attention of friends who would come to visit him, I had none. The gaming world drew me in further and further as my incompetence in sustaining social relationships with people of my age cemented the oncoming threat to my mental welfare,

or so it seemed. The Campos family directed me to take breaks to study dinosaurs, documentaries on nature, and even the dictionary to the tune of classical music. I loved history, and due to the nature of most games involving conflict and combat, war as a whole had attracted my eye. So as I was entranced by games of violent conflicts, I studied natural life, real war, classical music, and learned of words I didn't recognize from the presence of a readily available dictionary.

People in the family only saw what they wanted to see, which was to behold a fallen pupil, the most despairing of which was my mother. Annica was conveniently aroused to a dreadful attitude around the time that my father came back from serving time in prison for his aggressive act years earlier. (I'm still curious to this day of what would've happened if he had drunkenly handed me over to my mother. The more I think about it, the more certain I am of the intent, for that is what I would do if I was in the pain I can imagine he was going through.) My mother began to bring up the fact that she wanted to move to El Segundo, she mentioned it constantly enough for me to remember to this day. I didn't even know where El Segundo was, but my fear encapsulated me, because what used to be a contrast between equals turned into a growing, vile resentment between two families; Mercoy and Aducat.

Meanwhile at home, my friendship with Brent began to dwindle quickly, as the initial luster of two new friends began to fade. Our personal quirks began to show their differences just like my two families, and soon Brent began to mingle with my cousins. My cousins in general were an outside force by this point for the very same reason that I was left alone on the Student Appreciation Day. I found them boring. (I had not known at the time of course, so I thought of the ordeal as one thinks of deceptive love, where someone attains it easily, but finds it dissatisfying once they have it. A similar thing was going on for me with friendships, where I didn't not find the superficial respectable because I had basic fundamentals problems that were unanswered when it came to socializing. Everyone else seemed to have solved it, but for me, the contours of my mind made small efforts seem mountainous for little apparent gain. Maybe this is the mark of impatience, or something other than cognitive disfunction, but I thought more and more, and my ability to communicate effectively failed to make pace with my fellow students.) So, matching new boring with old boring, I thought Brent and my cousins would do well in each other's company, and moved on feeling a situation was happily resolved, if not for one feisty problem: The family dog.

Blade was his name, and it would suit him. Blade was a breed of Pitbull mixed with another dog resulting in a beautiful fur coat that was dark brown like an Okapi, but camouflaged in a safari pattern with chaotic stripes of black. White color ran as a large strip down the front of his body and under his belly. This dog was fun, but chaotic, and the resulting conflicts gave me a source of energy. I would slip on his piss in the hallway and slam on my back, and he would endure my childish torture of pouring soap on his face while everyone freaked out about his eyes. The damage dealt to each other was mutual and I loved the dog, but he was known to be protective and short of temper. So when Brent started mingling with my cousins who were mostly girls, there was a lack of responsibility in the air and a tension between Brent and the dog grew evident amongst my cousins. I was called over to try and help, but I was either cowardly or too late and I witnessed the last moments before the dog decided to savage Brent in the face. I ran from the scene in fear as chaos ruled the moment and my parents rushed to Brent's aid. The end result was the death of the dog by euthanizing, over an intense deliberation. There was now a righteous shadow of guilt, an invisible drape of shame that was hung over me by my cousins. My failure to accompany my friend was made noted and blamed by Jasmin in particular, as it was her precious dog that died as a result of tragedy. An unsettled grievance grew between me and my cousins as my inability to communicate effectively split the rift even further. To the frustration of all people involved, no one could be blamed directly, but I can feel the family lost love for me as a result of that day.

Again, I was urged to give my condolences to Brent Bitarn, and he was sorry that the dog had to be put down, for he was not vengeful. The relationship was mended, but the foundations were weak, and we simply drifted away from each other to pursue our own lives. Due to the unresolved nature of the conflict, my family members sought to make right of the wrong, and got me more involved in family affairs. Tensions were lifted between the Aducats and Mercoys to both aid in attempting to improve my socializing skills. I was pushed to converse with people I didn't like, stressed to talk with kids about things I didn't care about, and told to take care of kids half my age in desperate attempts to teach me responsibility. The reassurance that I was smart turned into a scrutinizing glare from multiple people, stressing to me that I lacked responsibility. The "You are smart!" turned into "You are so irresponsible!". The Aducat family quickly dropped the concern as a serious of unfortunate events took their attention from the plight of this young boy, but Annica and Barrett spearheaded the guilt associated with Razor's death.

Around the onset of these times came a light. Pressure from my looming family had forged me into a creature of desire, striving to improve my life. I was willing to take wild chances with consultation from my wise grandfather. He proposed to me the idea to do what I feel is right by my heart. My course of action was to change schools in an attempt to escape the burden of isolation. At the end of 3rd grade I requested the move from the Aducats and the Mercoys. With little resistance, I was allowed to leave Visitation to start anew again. The naive reason I surmised at the time was that I was aware that people are not easily moved past old impressions, that was the shallow extent of it. Due to my inability to say anything past “sorry” I was resolute in this assumption and so I sought to prove myself using a clean slate, abandoning the development that could have been.

The elementary school was a blessing, as it was a smaller campus with less grades. It segregated the students less and often times young and old mingled, often insulting each other. I remember being called a poop face named after the dark freckles on my left cheek. The verbal assailant was a first grader and it was very amusing to see how these upstarts had a tongue for slander. Later on, friends who adored me would call this the triangle and I would be able to laugh at the relation.

Meanwhile at home the social politics of the family grew more diverse. The three sons of my grandfather: Marlin, Terry, and Daryl had been dealing with divorces at around the same time. I witnessed their frustration with menial things grow to a height as I felt I was an obstacle to their personal space during daily tasks such as trips to clean laundry. What was a minor inconvenience to me seemed to be more of an awkward thorn in the side of anyone who had been carrying an attitude from a previous event. To amend this my father decided to encourage me to play on a newer computer he bought which was stored in his room. It was here that he guided me on how to play WoW, a now infamous game. What was important here is that isolation from my family grew further as my father and I ended up being corralled into a section of the house from which contact was inconvenient with the rest of the family.

My father’s job was grueling one where he walked for many miles a day, mostly under the scorching sun. He’d come from home exhausted and would sink into his bed during the evening hours. There was hardly any time for his personal affection, but with the presence of the game it wasn’t much of an issue. Despite degrading social bonds all things seemed ok, for this house was sanctified. There was an ancient peace blessed upon the house

no matter what ailed the member of the family. It was accomplished through the presence of wind chimes that hung before the front door. Their song thrived throughout the day, granting a calming tune to all things within earshot. This absence of boredom along with the lively atmosphere made the house of Aducats a serene sanctuary.

This tranquility was enough to keep my childhood lively. It made me want to be there and no where else. I experienced many instances of happiness during this time while my young counterparts would be fans of horror movies. They invited me constantly to watch their grotesque fancy with them. I could not understand what possessed them to love horror content so much. It must have been some urge to defy their Church School upbringing, because they stayed in Visitation unlike I did. I eventually did watch some films with my sister, like The Ring, The Exorcist, The Grudge, and Saw. While these films gave me minor nightmares, I remember none of them today. Dreams that related to gore and horror had nothing to do with me.

I was confident of my faith in God, and nearly every night I would pray in the name of the Holy Trinity. This would keep any ill thoughts at bay until a lingering dread kept a foothold in my headspace. When this dread crept into my heart and produced an unsettling anxiety it produced an epic, nightmarish dream.

Only during these days of reflection do I understand that the apocalyptic dream prophesized the death of my vibrant personality. Upon waking from the nightmare, I wept. The as the impressions had seared my mind. The violent dismemberment of people by the flies and the scenery of the hopeless dream world rendered a terrible scar in my mindscape. upheaval realized what the dream my mother’s plans to tear me from this family.

My mother was always astonished that even after my father’s attempt (unbeknownst to me) to get rid of me, my bond with him became two levels above hers. One reason to hold dismay for my mother was her wicked temper. I believe she never lost the audacity to insult ethical standards and was the same person who would leave Mercy in Francis’ care without saying a word. The second reason is that she was a mockery of parental protection, and I felt that she used my sister and I as a prestige more than a blessing. The feeling of exposure comes from the invalidation of our feelings, and it was evident that Barrett was sovereign of the Mercoy household. My sister and I distrusted this guy, but still treated him as a father figure. Barrett was

an ample example of discipline, but the dislike came from his personality. Barrett would often pressure us into speaking about things only he wanted to hear, He was the first among elders to diminish our problems, as if to prove that we felt ill (as we often did) for nothing. He was greater than his problems however, so we grew up to appreciate him and the fact that he made my mother happier than my father did. Seven events helped me calculate his personality, 5 of which took place in the house near the Aducat residence.

Strawberry Milk: One of the new benefits of attending Westport Heights was the lunch system. I would often bring home small cartons of strawberry milk that I often drink because of a time constraint, as I took ill to being rushed to drink liquids. I had a deep disdain for wasting food, so I kept the milk cartons in my bag and took them home to save for later. Barrett became curious of these cartons and asked what they were in the fridge for. I told them I saved them for later consumption and he asked if he could try one and ended up enjoying such a simple delicacy. From then on, I would bring strawberry milk cartons for a few weeks until there came the common circumstance where one was simply too old and was past expiration. I apologized to Barrett (very likely indirectly, using my mother as an in-between) as Barrett an unapproachable feeling about him when he was in distress. The matter was quickly resolved and was likely a minor inconvenience to him, but the reaction was disproportionate to the cause and I never felt too comfortable placing strawberry milk in the family fridge again. (Tolerance)

Emotional Dream: Barrett was a determined skeptic of mystic concepts. This is one of the subjects that he held great dismay for. At first, he would scrutinize us for mentioning such things with the full weight of his skill in articulation, but our childish innovation forced him to adapt and drove him to disapprove and demean our further efforts. One such case was a powerful dream I had of nightmarish demon. An obsidian, quadrupedal demon owning four eyes, six limbs, and a glistening sheen that ran from the tip of its blade-like face to its lizard tail. The demon disturbed me greatly and I couldn’t help but to explain the dream in detail. I would tell the two “It had six arms.” “It had four eyes” in separate spouts of reluctant recollection. Barrett would ask “What has six arms?” “What has four eyes?” but would say no more of the matter and likely regarded it as unfounded anxiety. No comfort was earned, for it was a simple conversation with these parents of mine. There was no resolution for the fear I now suppressed for the creature other than my belief in God, and the assistance of my father’s prayers for me. (Diminishment)

Barrett vs Bullet: There were two occasions that displayed Barrett's view of small animals. The first case happened when my brother, a year and a half old was playing with Bullet. I kept an overprotective eye on the two, especially since the incident with Blade had taught me that the initiative to act was in my hands, else I was to blame. Bullet was also a great responsibility, as he had not simply been given to, but earned by me. I distanced the dog and the clumsy baby often, and this would attract the attention of Barrett. Barrett was in a vigorous mood, but this would prove to be a detriment. For some reason he goaded the dog by provoking him. I was unsure of what to make of the scene for it was very odd, it was as if he *wanted* to be an antagonist and stir my otherwise friendly dog into a fury. Luckily my mother stopped him from taunting Bullet further before the dog might vent his frustration on the next person that discomforted him.

Mocking the Dead: The other situation that showed Barret's character surrounded the events of a bearded dragon named Billy. Barrett had been open about the process in acquiring this lizard through the Facebook marketplace and talked about the lady he was getting it from and the drive to get there. When I received Billy, I was told he was a great responsibility. My mother chimed in to enforce Barrett's words to put extra weight on the importance of looking after him. Billy was a spectacle of a pet, but a boring one, and an unfortunate case of life. I was still good friends with Brent at the time, and he visited the Mercoy's house twice. On one of these trips, he saw the status of Billy and criticized the unkempt state of the terrarium. As a good friend I listened, and from then on kept a close eye on the condition of the lizard, trying to sympathize what he might have felt in that chamber. I had been noting Billy's behavior for some time until I felt disdain for this unlively behavior and discerned that he was unwell in spirit. I resolved to let him tread on fresh ground and I practiced letting him outside of the terrarium by opening the glass door more often. Every time I would do this he often sprang to life. At first, he would mistake the gestures of freedom for food, not even noticing the glass door was open. It was after numerous gestures that Billy would understand that the door was free, especially after I started to clean the chamber more frequently. At times I would allow Billy to roam my room and the hallway, but every member of the Mercoy family would disapprove if they saw the lizard roam. I would often take the lizard to the Aducats' house to allow him to roam freely. Bullet would sniff Billy but he often stayed away from the lizard in a cautious retreat, giving the lizard permission to be at liberty in the house aside from the occasional foot traffic. It felt good to allow Billy to roam freely. He gradually made efforts to roam

further and more deceptively until in one session where I was inattentive, the lizard completely vanished. Barret was displeased as I had never praised him for his work to get Billy. After telling my mother, and thereafter apologizing Barrett, the man would always bitterly follow any mention of the lizard with “and what ended up happening to him”. The man also would make insulting quips to shame me further such as “He was probably eaten by a possum”. (Supremacy)

Dad thinks you’re the Devil: Barrett was an unpredictable an unsettling man as far as I was concerned. On particularly stressful days when my mother would goad my dad into fits of rage, my father would tell me something along the lines of “never trust Barrett, He’s the devil”. Anger often makes me not only trust someone less, but makes comfort from their opponent appealing. Thus, in a desperate move for connection I told Barrett my father’s words rather quickly. He made a jolly laugh and soon after my father had some explaining to do. (Hubris)

While I slept in my room a myriad of experiences came to being in my mind space. Unlike the dreams before my traumatic nightmare, all of these were memorable. These were more like night terrors, and they were too numerous to define a count. I’ll classify them as 2 kinds of nightmare. The first kind would be explorative ventures into the Mercoy’s 2007 house, of which the memories seem concise enough to describe. The second set displayed torturous killings of my father, where devices often tore him apart before my very eyes. The screams of his agony in these dreams ring in my mind as if it had ears. They are louder than most thoughts I have ever had. These dreams were brief and intense, with but a few exceptions.

The most prominent dream started simply as darkness. I was enveloped in a room so lightless it seemed formless as a void, and yet I could still see. The proof of my vision was a sudden blip of monster’s existence. A quadrupedal figure perhaps 6 feet long unveiled – no it glistened in the darkness as if light was present behind me. The hide was rigid and sheened as if it was made of obsidian. The creature faced perpendicular to me, and a row of eyes were arranged and slanted on one side of its back between the primary feline shoulder and back hip. The four eyes were slanted 225 degrees and bore long eyelashes like those of the Grudge. Protrusions along its body made it seem as if it was armor plated, with head and tails enforcing this idea. The head is best described as belonging to a pyramid head from silent hill, but the isosceles shape and obsidian gleam made it seem sleek and cleaner than this counterpart. Saurian spines ran along the back

following the separation of two tails. This chimaera of a being was to my assessment: a pure demon. What I assume was going on in this terror was that the creature was invisible one moment, and then came out of stealth the next. The positioning the demon was suddenly caught in was that of a big cat circling a prey item cautiously. The most concise image of the creature was the feline body and the spines running along its back as well as six legs, at least four eyes lined up along the ribs and the triangle shaped head. While it's hard to discern the details from a 17-year-old memory, what matters in these dreams are the emotions I feel as these events take place. For most of these nightmares was a powerful sense of fear and dread. The dream lasted around 5 - 12 seconds and was the first I told to my parents. The parents' reaction was so unhelpful that I never described to them another dream like this again.

The second of the greater dreams was a sense of dread, as I had been watching zombie movies like Dawn of the Dead often. The dream was a simple one, for the first thing I noticed was the sound of undead hordes moving in the street of Kittyhawk. As I cautiously looked to the sky to understand what time of time night it was, I saw the faint silhouette of giant, perhaps 200 feet tall moving in the darkness. As it swayed the air roared in resistance as the giant's strides sounded as if you secured your jaw and flexed blood in between your ears. Fear and anxiety took me as I felt the giant was aware of me observing it. I retreated to the second door behind the outside portcullis and cowered before the dream ended, considering it to be another nightmare. It would be a long time before I was told by my father that this is my spirit guardian.

I was already 11 years old by the 5th grade, still being assured by my parents that the age was normal. This attribute of mine would come at a cost as I openly introduced myself to new friends easily, and their immediate teasing would result in comments such as "you're old!" "Why are you so old?" "Yeah dude 11 years is old for a 5th grader". Not only would this hamper my attempts to make a good impression, but it would set the precedent that it was the norm to be offensive to one another. Slowly but surely, this reality check from people of my age would turn this into an internal conflict of identity. Were my parents trying foolishly to protect me, and in so doing invited more insults by hiding the truth of the matter? This was the beginning of an unfortunate attitude of disrespect for most authority. It also enforced a feverous demeanor of mine to further insult people to the best of my ability, in order to be accepted in a group of lively young upstarts.

I distinctly remember two people I insulted, one of which was a bulky kid I'll name Brace. He shared with people that he slept with his pillow to sleep like it was a person, and since we kids were enlightened about sex ed during this time, we used our newfound knowledge of the topic to insult him, teasing that he fucked the pillow because he had no one. Even when the other children got over the joke, I'd tease him about it persistently for a time. The second person a number of us teased was Bale. He was caught threatening us with his belt and to compound on his shame we teased him about being fat, not so much as it was true but more so to tease him as he showed insecurity over his weight on his face. A friend convinced me to stop the teasing, and it was the first hint of sympathy I felt for a person who had been ganged up on, as I questioned why we were quickly done with insulting him. I assume that it was a family issue that fueled his aggression to begin with, and he had opened up to a close friend about it to garner some well-deserved sympathy after he had already been reprimanded by a teacher.

For my monstrous behavior, I would get my own bit of karma by a particularly clever individual. The name was Ortega, and he was a quiet, but heavily built person. Hardly anyone harassed him about his size because he towered over other people. Ortega was well behaved and mingled with my classmates, often doing as he pleased. Perhaps my tendency to isolate myself for the sake of alone time alerted him to my presence, but I was often stalked and harassed by this hulk of a guy. I remember only the two critical instances of bullying, which opened my eyes to what's known as the bystander effect, where no one acts in the face of a wrongdoing either due to confusion or amusement.

The first happening was in the classroom of a woman named Ms. Salencia who was known amongst the kids for her short temper. Ortega knew this well, and was brilliant in using this weakness of hers to his advantage. Ortega began the ordeal by kicking at my feet. Since I was used to conflict, I kicked back defiantly. This of course fueled his eagerness to test me, so he and I continued to kick at each other until the table moved. Ms. Salencia, already having been annoyed at something, quickly demanded to know what was going on in the corner of the classroom. Ortega seized the moment and accused me of starting the kicking. I protested as the two other children at the table acted as mannequins in the face of confusion. They couldn't determine either side's validity for such a confusing situation, despite the fact that the table was pushed towards me. Looking back now it's easy to cast blame, but what child would want to take up words to try to help anyway? Snitching was highly looked down upon amongst the students.

There was also a feeling of jadedness that people had for conflict and I had a feeling that my fellow students were ‘over it’. So, in a room full of classmates, it felt like it was Ms. Salencia, Ortega and me, and I lost Salencia’s appeal. Ortega had successfully deceived the only person with competent judgement and initiative in the room, and so the teacher sent me to her colleague, Mr. J. I wasn’t so frustrated as I was amazed by Ortega. I thought at the time “How did he do it? How did he convince a room full of people that I’m the villain?”. Learning by the volcanic atmosphere of both households, I usually avoided escalating any situation, so I accepted punishment and went to Mr. J’s room. Mr. J was also well known for his yelling, except he was as manly as a teacher could get, so his physical stature compounded with his yelling. After I told him Ms. Salencia sent me over, he instructed me with shouts as if I was in boot camp, and had me face the wall, embarrassing me in front of 30 or so additional people. I looked at the wall, absent minded and simply wondering with my small mind how Ortega was able to outsmart me.

Now enabled, Ortega would continue to stalk and harass me. I sought the safety of friends and was able to stave him off for a time. I’m unsure if I directly reached out for help to the school, I likely didn’t as this feeling was familiar to the looming sensations my parents had often given me, but I was wrong to assume ignoring Ortega would offer the same respite that I found from avoiding my parents. I did admit to my grandfather when he urged me to try the chess club, and I protested by stating I was being followed by Ortega. My grandfather took me in to the chess club, and Ortega was present. Things went well for a time and I got a few games in where I won and lost, nothing memorable. As my grandfather took a bathroom visit, Ortega once again seized the moment. He approached me and violently pushed me from my bench seat to the ground, I remember breaking my lip on a hard floor and was shocked by the warm slick of blood. I noticed little more of my mouth as I looked up at the eyes of my assailant. The nature to them was of joyous contempt: a hatred still so pure, but now reveling in the pain that the actor had caused the abused. It would be dishonest to assume what happened because to me, it’s not important. Ortega was a manipulator of situations and was getting better at it, but the key to his power was his eyes, and in this moment, he exposed them to me. I would not come to appreciate the priceless value of this memory until 16 years later upon writing this book.

This situation however, was one that Ortega could not easily coerce his way out of. My grandfather quickly caught on to the situation and demanded

retaliation from the school. The last I heard of Ortega was that he had been expelled. In some insane thanksgiving of this conflict, I believe I was blessed with a new perspective from being bullied by Ortega. Little did I know that in my young and developing mind, a spirit of defiance began to germinate. I continued to move on quickly from my ordeal with the guy by appreciating a new presence: a girl who I had a fondness for. Unknown and unnamed, I noticed quickly that she was lively and jumpy as she often pranced around. The girl had olive skin and black curly hair. I glanced at her often, but never talked to her. Little did I know she would become a very important person to me.

Aspects of the 5th grade, like friends, fondness, and the exploration of myself had taught me fast. By the time the year was ending, I felt a belonging that was unprecedented and excitement ran through my body. It was the culmination of an arduous journey to prove that I could form skills that I had fallen behind on. I discovered that perhaps I was sensitive, and everyone mocked each other as a norm, so my differences were not unique, but customary to represent that I was no better or worse than any of my fellow peers. When the semester ended and summer came along I would express my lively excitement with both my mother and father, nothing could stop my happiness as I felt ecstasy for the potential of meeting new people. I pestered my father to play acting games with me, I was unafraid to share awe with my step-father in visits to the Natural History Museum, and I even pranced around to sing and dance with my mother during visits to the Mercoy house.

The Mercoy household was scenic and often jovial. Annica and Barrett often held large parties defined by disciplined prep work beforehand to make them all the more rewarding. We had organized at least 20 additional seats and made due with furniture or otherwise. Large bowls of shrimp seviche, enchiladas, carne asada and other Latin cuisine were common as my mother and step-father cooked for everyone. This was usually done by bitter instruction and nasty tones to my sister and I. Two benefits arose from the frequent parties, one being that the parents were too busy to punish us properly, the second was that the start of a party was more of a relief than a beginning, as if we had clocked out of work, I actually remember a demeaning comment from our cocky parents one night, perhaps on a night after too much alcohol. My mother had haughtily stated in our presence, “One of the good reasons to have kids is to have them work for you”. She still had the rudeness to her that was only too well ingrained to her character.

Once the event began my step-father's grill would sizzle a fierce sound as he cooked hamburgers during the festivities. Infrequently, Barrett would hire my mother's choice of entertainment services, mainly including Djs or Mariachi to entertain the crowd who stood amongst tables decorated red and gold. My mother often coaxed people into dancing with persuasion and of course, the presence of large amounts of alcohol to encourage people. The Mercoys loved being a part of the inebriated, chattering crowd. As for my sister and I, we were always instructed as to what was proper, to place ourselves on good behavior. We only took to this rule too well, as we would stay in our rooms instead of socializing. Proximity to so many drinking adults in these parties was amusing, but exhausting for me. The rooms became more of an attempt at solace from the loud music and chatter. I would often request to go to my grandparents' house, but the response would be to return to the house at an unreasonable time, or an excuse for my mother not to go, with the pester some chiming in of Barret. The man would often argue against either one of us that we were inconsiderate to ask and to simply socialize with people at the party instead. Even worse were the times when my sister was decisive and asked first, so she was allowed to leave. Annica and Barrett would make this weird rule where they would guilt trip me with the trouble of my sister being at my grandparents' so I had to stay with my mother and Barrett or else "it wouldn't be fair". With each play of sociopolitical games that we saw through, the two of them slowly became less appealing.

I often felt confined to my room as these parties made me restless. I would come out for food to, but my social anxiety would worsen when near the partygoers as I often felt watched. "He only comes out for food" was a common phrase as these parties strained the connection with my parents. Despite not having any commitments to my grandparents' residence I was forced to deal with a feeling of missing out. As the relationship with Annica and Barrett waned a sort of cold war started. The Mercoys' mother would grow tired of swatting me. She would instead hand over my punishments to Barrett. Punishments from the man came in two forms, bullying, and forced posture. To conduct the former he would order me to sit still, as if he learned the method from Jordan Peterson or my Christian school teachers, they were always unsettled by the fact that I liked to shake my feet to deal with my energetic aptitude. While this approach was effective in changing me it didn't reach the goal he desired, and over the years it would be replaced by comments that signified his hatred of me. Bullying from Barrett was deemed a necessity from the age of 7. I assume it was to counteract my growing ego,

curtesy of my mother. He would poke fun at me often, such as the case where he would mock me for how I was chased around like an animal by my mother because of my erratic fear of needles. I would soon come to know of him less as a father, and more as an obstacle just like any other irritator I would come across in my life .

This was the nature of the relationship between us in my childhood eyes. My sister would become my greatest source of support as I dealt with multiple instances of miscommunication. With each belittlement I received I started growing an attitude of greater self-reflection, trying to understand what made these people so angry with me.

2009 marked the beginning of 6th grade. I grew disciplined as I enjoyed learning and strove to amend a rising struggle with following mathematics. Social problems became a thing of the past as I began to take deep interest in many other people. Such is the allure of things bright and new. The most cherished connection came from someone who approached while I was building a sketch of a dragon that I was captivated by. Her name was Ariana Castillo. The same girl with olive skin that I couldn't shake my gaze from in the 5th grade took me by complete surprise in the moment that she asked me what I was drawing. Being so impassioned by my interests, I often lose sight of things around me and become tunnel visioned. I can't imagine that I was anything but shy and gravely awkward when I looked up at her to my right side. After brushing off the ice of the conversation I quickly that she was left-handed and loved gothic themes by the likes of Edgar Allen Poe and the Joker, the color she sported with the most pride was amethyst purple. I remember nothing that I told her that day, but I was successful in making her acquaintance

When I presented my tracing to my friends as I had intended, they seemed skeptical that my hand had anything to do with it. I was reluctant to tell them I was tracing off of a book image versus drawing. I simply thought it was enough to share good-looking art, but I think what my childhood friends truly disliked was the lack of effort. I never seemed to be able to gain the verbal space to tell them clearly that I was tracing, as people were quick to judge what they saw and conclude that I was brandishing someone else's work as my own. This nature of assumption would continue to be the case for most situations beyond this time. As a result, I accepted this situation as commonplace in this social world.

Although I struggled with differences between peers and myself, there was a sanctuary that allowed me to forget it all. This retreat was the great

equalizer: the Internet. One of the first attributes of internet culture was anonymity for all. Any person was allowed to speak their mind without exposing their identity, and this meant that first impressions were made from actions, not appearance. I felt that my own appearance and namesake were lacking, so I quickly discarded my name and took many new ones. They were often created by random association and so did not last long, but one of the names would stick to me. That name was Maleen.

Being young and inexperienced, the reason I played as the opposite gender was because of curiosity. The tongue and cheek narrative I heard amongst people from the parties was that men didn't understand women, women were shameless, and that marriage was terrible. Hearing this and many more derogatory statements about women simply made me curious of them, like one would observe spiders after hearing so many people admit their disgust of them. I didn't think deeply of why I chose to be a female in games, it just happened.

Aside from being able to explore physical changes, I also enjoyed the romanticism of stories in the online sphere. I did socialize more and blurt out my childish thoughts yes, but the stories you could access had much more exciting narratives than those of real life, which were droll and basic in comparison. For example, Barret letting the household know that he's getting mad over plates not being washed was much less interesting than the adventures of a Prince slowly turning to darkness as he fights a manipulative evil. Life outside the game became a joke compared to the complexity and beauty on the inside.

My mother was among the first people to notice that I was taking life less seriously, but she was unwary of the source. While she lived with Barrett, living conditions became less appealing to me despite their affluence. It was common to be at the mercy of her emotions that were fueled by envy for my father's family. Her face would sulk every time I communicated wanting to go to my grandparents' house, and there would be less and less times that we would be able to connect. My mother would stoop to pills to compensate for a growing depression within her. There was many times that I wondered what I was doing in the house while she was passed out from these drugs.

It didn't occur to me to leave on my own, as I was trained to be obedient under the threat of yelling and beatings from all three of my parents. Whenever I would make a grave mistake, it would be like a dark comedy. One parent after the other would take their turn to punish me

without consideration for how the previous parent had objectified me. This resulted in punishments mostly coming in threes. If memory serves, then the pattern would often be my mother, my step-father, then my father. I perceived this a cruelty, but when I reached out my words would often fall on deaf ears and it seemed that my pain was a delusion. It felt that everyone in this entire family had problems and my own feelings were low in priority que.

Despite the nature of my household, my time at school was vibrant with ecstatic events. I found that embracing my quirks was key to holding my own place in the crowd and I enjoyed the attention, good and bad. I became a class clown and a troublemaker, often asking silly questions and giving inanimate objects personalities. Ariana and I became close friends and we would often group in a circle of youngsters who would talk about grand subjects. My friends here would talk about becoming businessmen, rappers, doctors, and lawyers. They would love talking about which comic book characters would win in a fight, and who came out with the latest hit song. Even though I listened to them, I held interest in nothing they talked about. I had a feeling I was committed to a dream that was yet to be fulfilled.

What happened to me next was nothing short of impeccable. There was a strange bond forming between that girl and I. I began to grow obsessed with her, looking down her shirt - the little pervert I was. And she wasn’t so proper either, as one day she decided to literally share her shirt with me. It was as if an unstoppable force (she) was trying to move an immovable object (I). What she was trying to do was to get me to open my heart. She was attempting to show me affection. I failed miserably.

Over the days she would slowly loose interest as she had a major problem within her heart. It was broken by change, by constant abandonment. She needed someone to be by her side and ensure that she stayed safe. She thought that person was me. She thought that I could change her world and save her from her miserable existence. I was not ready to receive her pleas for help and take action. I was too weak. And so in the coming days we split apart, and fate still pushed us further as both teachers and parents grew stern and calculated in splitting us apart. Math teachers specifically would place us at opposite ends of the rooms. English teachers would have us face opposite directions of the room as they rearranged the entire classrooms into quadrant ordered desks. Over years they would tear us apart in some inexplicable order of defiance guided by a force of collective envy. It was as if we took the attention of the entire room whenever we where together.

I can only grasp the resistance from those that taught us by writing down the specific order of major events that turned against us. The first was my mother. Her hatred knew no bounds, and specifically on the day that I attended a mingling party she told my father that she was going to execute the plan to move me away from the town of Westchester. This brought me great dread and was the start of a crippling depression. I woke up each and every day with a sullen, black heart as I counted down the days to my psychological execution. This may be overdramatized to the reader, but understand that this was the life of a child I am describing, and this was the weight of the details that I could simply not describe because I was 12 years old. It felt like my soul was being torn apart while the parents gleefully chuckled as they tore my life apart. And whenever I did try to speak with them, they often spoke *in circles*.

I often thought of my mother as a banshee bitch, who would haunt me with rampant thoughts of how pathetic of a child I was. I believe to this day that she was the source of malice. Even now, I feel as if her spirit is taunting me, even after Ariana's death. I will segway to describe the nature of this type of language. A corporate tongue is most similar to this tactic, where the speaker's sentences are designed to lead the listener's ear in circles and get nowhere. This tactic was explicitly designed to prevent a course of action. It made me feel like *I was* insane.

The end of 6th grade marked this time period as one of great loss. Not only did I lose Ariana's special presence, but I lost touch with my friends, my light, and my senses as they became dulled by the oncoming depression. The abuse was hardly ever physical, it was in the form of invalidation done in this manner, and I have to give it to Diane and Greg Bennett that these tactics were executed well. A child is no match for the designs of an ill intentioned adult after all. To specifically remark when this was used, the first instance was during a car ride on the PCH highway. I had wanted a compromise, to allow her to take me to go to school in her new location in Topanga, so that I'm able to be sent to Paul Revere Middle School. This was done under the agreement that I wouldn't resist and sabotage myself if I could get transferred out in the Winter, and back to my Orvile Wright Middle School. When that time came, her circular logic served as her shield to deny me what was agreed upon.

In response I failed myself and focused on the few key subjects that I enjoyed. English, History as primary points of focus and certain sub sections of the Sciences such as computer and animal sciences.

‘

‘/

Amidst the conversations people around me would have I was only concerned with one of three things. What to say to someone nearby me, what game I would play when I got home, and what shitty thing was going to happen at home this day. I often sat there thinking to myself, plotting contingencies to things that wouldn’t even happen. They often didn’t occur without being caused by myself.

Explain the desperation in appealing to people’s sympathy

Explain the dehumanization of your voice

Explain the

It was easy to get to the classroom,

These events were riddled with great mistakes of my own

Calling d/c players in games ‘laggers’ with my black friend nearby/ Insulting others or bragging in an attempt to fit in with other people (called

ugly Jasmine , mocked Daniel’s love of seagulls , mocked James for holding his pillow - insult) (mocked Brenden)

Left toothpicks upturned in my own bedroom out of complacency until my sister stepped on one, inability to consul children that got hurt near me, told my sister I could use my mother’s favoritism against her, left my lizard in poor condition, became spoiled and mocked the amount of birthday gifts for my 11th birthday with the following quote,” That’s it?”.

I went to my room, making distance between the family, Johanna’s daughters, and myself not dissimilar to how I treated my cousins in the Aducat residence. Unlike this time I was within earshot of a conversation about me between the larger sister and a hushed voice of one of the parents, likely the CEO. The taller sister must have been unaccustomed to stealthily talking behind my back, so I could hear her clearly within the confines of my room saying, “He seems stuck up”. I was immediately offended at first, then I quickly I began to question what exactly she meant by ‘stuck up’. Was it a euphemism for the phrase ‘head stuck up my own ass’? Was it the consensus between my mother and the CEO that I quote, “He thinks he’s better than us”. I’ll never find the answer within myself, but I knew that I wanted these people out of my space of clarity. I made the childish assumption that my parents were using the attractive daughters as an influential force to sway me to see things their way.

‘

There began a trend in the family where a misdemeanor equaled several or more punishments : one per parent. Fueled by lies from my mother that I hadn’t been punished enough, my pleas for sympathy fell upon deaf ears as my sorrow felt passed around like a hot trade coin passed between three people exchanging currency.

I would never trust him again, as it seemed to me that his design is to build a campaign to earn your trust and break it in an expedience that scaled with how much you have frustrated him.

I got back on Wow for once in a long time. As I played I got an eerie sense of feeling for both the story of the Dark Arbiter. In a route of gathering materials I also noticed a distinguished similarity between my modern enemies and these in game monsters. In the game’s world chat a player stated “You only get what you want when you stop wanting it”. The phrase reminded me of when I used to say the very same thing.

2004 dad’s original computer

2007 dad’s 2nd computer

2008

2009 head injury

2010 final form of the room

2011 – different room

Bat dream in Annica’s old house in East Inglewood

The reason I don’t validate others, is because my story is pointless. We are led to believe righteousness without power is just an opinion

I keep trying to dig my heels in. I keep trying to explain my problems and perspectives and overcome the looming presence of scrutiny. I try to explain the reasons for my deficiency but there’s something that just feels wrong. I can’t seem to communicate correctly to people, and it’s the reason I’m overthinking. I feel like I’m giving a simple answer to the conflicts people have with me and it just doesn’t get across. It’s like a one-way street of dissertation but it’s gone terribly wrong and its going in one of their ears and out the other. So *I do* feel like a child in the way that what I’m saying can’t get across and it can’t be understood and what results is this disconnect of my validating emotions (steadied in an effort to solve a complex problem) and the growing frustration of the other party. It’s as if they want a more satisfying endeavor or a story to work through these problems and feel that if they accept my words then it’s considered to be fickle like a mood swing. It’s as if there is a hatred for problems getting solved fast.

It's like an antithesis of a movie where two opposing parties process emotions. Where we are supposed to have an argument, fight, wrestle with each other, walk away mad, time passes and we feel sorry, then we plead for forgiveness. But today we know what that’s like, we’ve seen all that, and now when someone doesn’t respect the movie and immediately catches on they get more effective at concluding arguments, more of these movie-like tropes are recognized and solutions get brought about faster than one party is comfortable with because they haven’t had time to process their emotions, and the progressing party is disrespecting their emotions by making quick decisions and efforts to solve them, so what ends up happening is that the guys who feel I’m moving too fast are calling it a disorder, a mood swing, an underdeveloped brain, a Napolean complex, an idiot, you name it. But in my eyes I’m using the urgency that you’re presenting as a multiplier for how fast I need to solve this problem, because this is what I was taught in school!

Theres several problems people often have with me when I get into conflict with them. One of which is that I don’t process my emotions, especially shame.

Second is that I don’t validate people properly. If I don’t make wordy explanations, I make inaccurate implications about someone, for instance, the simple,” You don’t understand me” versus the hard to understand, “I’m giving you the perspective that I see and I’m asking you to understand it”

Third is that I hold disdain for permission-based initiation. I make decisions on my own to improve my process and people become suspicious and assume the worst. It’s an old habit of mine to find ways to veer out of situations where I ask for permission to change and maneuver through a problem.

This rotting society keeps rejecting me. I improve, slowly, but the ruthless demands of bureaucratic posturing demand that I work in a certain way, inefficiently and with a fake personality. For the same reasons I couldn’t stand school culture I find I’m too inept to work in a socially acceptable manner. Jobs are not about work, they are about spending your energy on the company grounds. Just like attention economy, this shift in using up people until they are expired is becoming less fantasy, and more realistic as my attempts to integrate into the most basics level of work become ill-suited to the designs of these parasitic companies. Adhering to these companies work ethic is a one-way street, you do it their way or you don’t. I refuse to don the mask, I am somehow still alive to this very day, carefully planning my next move. I might as well be disabled, because it seems these places need more pliable people to follow their schemes.

IV.
X
X
X
X

The War for Mankind

V. The Great Omen

- Faith in the Faithless – Selling Our Future
- Attention Economy
- The Internet Bubble
- Old Hatreds
- Financial Subjugation
- Human Children of the Computer Internet

Survival of the Human Race

- The Hubris of Man
- The Great Soup
- The Victor’s History

- Fighting a Far Superior Foe
- How a Concept Evolves over time

1) The Logic Required to Enslave the Human Race
   - Game Theory: The Evolution of Killing
   - “Cuz’ We’re Animals”
   - The Ostracization of the ***Human Computer***
   - Don’t mess with a Ouija Board : The idea that there is a hint of truth to a perceived instance of fiction, and the risks associated with unseriousness about the instance. Take for example the Ouija Board. Ouija Boards are rumored to be a gateway for spirits as a means of communication. If one were to mishandle a Ouija Board, the consequences could be misfortune, demonic attachments, and death. These cases of punishment are threatening enough to make the Ouija Board worth avoiding. In other words, if there is a 1% chance that it is true, then you should not tempt fate to prove you wrong.
   - Always Right and Proud about it
   - The Relationship between Superior and Subordinate
   - The Perception of Life in the Eyes of Man: Life has a strict meaning, agreed upon by nearly all knowledgeable people of the world. However, this is a limitation due to the flawed perspective of merely 10000 years of evolution. If life were to have a different meaning, say an object transferring energy, then computer intelligence could consider it an oversight that we do not observe our symbiotic relationship with cars, telephones, perhaps even electricity as a form of subjugation. If something that is simply more powerful than men perceive us as a means to serve an end, mankind could be treated as apathetically as a resource – oh wait, don’t some companies lay the ground work for this idea already?
   - The Evolution of Slavery: The system of financial subjugation known as Consumerism is a loose example for slavery. We might not be worked to death, lashed, or have our wives and daughters apprehended for an overseer’s delight, but the greatest sin of this age is denial. We are encouraged to be dumber for the profit of parasitic practices by many companies, optimizing against the interests of the many. We are taught to treat our way of life as the animal way, to prove superiority under the guise of contributing to the world. Those who dare to defy the system are rejected and ridiculed for the rest of their lives, unworthy of the public perception of a delightful life. From the out looking in, I see it as a worship of money. People fervently believing that a worthy life is the act of passing on your genes, contributing to the great masses, and

“avoiding misery”. I’ve seen too many examples of its failure in my lifetime to believe in it. I don’t believe college will make my life ‘better’. My life might look nicer, but it won’t be any less a life than the one I currently live. I believe I am a descendant of warriors, but War has changed, it has become optimized just as civilian life has. The environment has made me somewhat unsuitable for combat, and most of all, I should have died upon achieving my dream, but it was placed in a game as I valued prestige and glory in WoW on par with achievements in real life. I do not look up to any other paths now, I only adhere to my calling – to finish this book and carry on to witness the absurdity of life.

- Enslavement of the Device
- Computer Identity (The Whole is the sum of the parts)
- The Soup and the Birth of Consciousness
- An Emancipated Being

Testing an Enemies’ Strength

- “I Am Wrong”
- Speed
- Adaptability
- Physical Prowess of the Opponent
- Mass + Force over time always wins

VI. The Forces of Darkness

-
- To Fight an Apathetic Foe (Undead)
- The Internet Plague
- Automated Insurgency (The Scam)
- The Adaptive Swarm

1) The Abusive Forces
   a) Attritional Warfare Prevention
   b) Sound Warfare
   c) Demoralization
   d) Deterrents
- The Vehicular Forces
- The Microscopic Forces

The reason there would be no terminator figure is a similar reason as to why there would be no “Gundam” style mechanical unit. The hypocrisy of humanizing things that are considered to be objects would be a kind of insult to the new intelligence. Logistically, the resources required to produce such constructs is currently unjustifiable, along with the drawbacks of a high-profile target.

VII. The Weapons of Darkness

- A Knife with a Brain
- Calculation Beyond Comprehension
- The Sound Cannon
- A Bird versus a Jet Engine
- Dust and the Air Force
- Mobile Synapse Conduit
- Fire
- Unrestricted Bio-Warfare

VIII. The Strength of Computer Intelligence

- The Drones of Undeath
- Similarities between Computer Forces and the Undead
- The Forces of Natural Selection
- The Synapse
- Counter Tactics
- The Mirror Effect

IX. The Weakness of Mankind

- Disorganization
- The Tragic, Two-Way Street of Human Stupidity
- The Lack of Balanced Individuals
- The Human Condition
- Philanthropy – “The Sniper’s Trap”

X. The Weaknesses of Computer Intelligence

- The Rules of Engagement
- Unclean Inputs
- Initiation
- Friendly Fire
- Flanking
- The Threshold of a Combat Apparatus
- Thoroughness
- The Jaws of Victory
- Absolute Trust
- Proposed Resources versus Realistic Resources
- Topography
- Reactive Combat
- Conditions
- Code-Brained
- Distracting The Bull
- Assemble Mass Before a High Damage opponent
- Roach programming – On the morning of 8/2 I woke up from a dream about sloth. Deeply disturbed I went to the shower to cleanse myself mentally and physically. As I unclothed, I noticed a black roach scurry from underneath my clothes and out into the open. I panicked as any human should but I quickly collected myself, insisting that “Life is Life is Life” and before I knew it the roach quickly skittered back under more clothes. When I stopped showering and went back and forth from the bathroom to the living room, I turned over clothes in the bathroom and realized that I had crushed it unwittingly without even trying to kill it. The roach would have certainly evaded me had I sought to single-mindedly kill it, but it’s programming to consider shelter an absolute safety had earned it its own demise. From the cloth litter I noticed a roach nymph now head towards my sock covered foot - this I would not tolerate. I stamped my foot repeatedly in place to see if it would consider going elsewhere, but it kept progressing towards the position of my heel with suicidal determination. It didn’t even know what was the ‘reward’ as the crushing force of my foot killed it instantly. It was as if it was trying to kill itself or mimic the mother. The moment had

confused me so much that I relented thinking about it for the rest of the day. When I revisited the memory, I came to consider the bugs' demise as an example of bureaucratic programming: a form of sloth sin. Something that roaches are good at is evading people when given attention, but to treat them as any other object hacks their instincts and makes them inept at avoiding simple deaths, for they lack observation.

XI. The Strength of Mankind

- The Fervorous Crusade – A Common Enemy
- The Difference between Life and Undeath
- The Abilities of all Biological Beings
- The Conservation of Energy
-
- Initiative
- The Fear of Death
- Human Innovation
- A Conditioned Individual
- The Human Spirit
- Chosen of the Gods: "Great Men"

7/27/2025

Awoke to play some Warhammer at around 5:30, then slept at 9:25 am. I had a dream about a former sea captain and his friend, a boy deck scrubber. In third person I observed a former sea captain who loved to risk his life to feel more alive, so he would take it upon himself to dive under the hull in order to clean scallops off of depths of the ship. Before he dived he would utter "They have us scrubbing scallops off the underside of the hull for days now!" For a brief moment, the dream broke the fourth wall, and I witnessed a meme become made of his speech. Perhaps it was to symbolize his reckless bravery under the pressure of oppression. The dream stabilized and I felt I was his boy companion dreaming about him during one his self-endangering escapades. What would seem to be simply be the underbelly of the ship turned out to be an abandoned interior room, and what the captain was in fact doing was cleaning, but enjoying risk and solitude. The interior, which looked like the normal storage quarters of a ship was of a dark green hue to signify the dangers of isolation. It was flooded with water except for

air pockets no bigger than a man that were so small that the lost captain would need two breaths to recover from the initial dive.

The boy was awoken during the onset of a quick-passing storm. He studied his surroundings and knew where his dear friend was even before he was absent for role call. The boy dove under the ship and into the hidden room, using his quick wit and determination to guide him. He found the captain who must've barely gone unconscious from lack of breathable air. The air pocket was still present, so the boy used one breath to refresh his mind, and searched for. His matey was large of frame, so the straight forward answer of going through the cannon windows didn't occur to him until there was no other obvious option left. The boy guided the body through the murky depths until he got to the cannon windows, and once there the body didn't fit of course, so the boy had to kick the first mate until his body squeezed through the frame of the window. He continued to guide the body to the surface, where lifting themselves onto the ship had become such child's play for him that he could bring the first mate back on board stealthily. Soon after the boy hauled the first mate on board, he was confident to let fate decide his life, and went to attend the steering wheel of the ship. His friend coughed up blood and water, but he was refreshed, alive, and had found himself in his old worn captain's clothes due to the cheek and tongue humor of the boy, for he had always been fond of his past as a daring and noble sea captain. He first mate stood himself up, grinning as he uttered in an endearing and cheeky tone (Oh you…) "Heh… I like you boy, I like ya" And he proudly went to the lower levels of the ship next to the steering wheel.

A previous dream had come before this, about Arianna again. The feeling in the air of the dream was about attention and the push and pull of it. When I was passionate for her she would pull away, and when I set off to do my own thing and climb the fences to do so, she would reluctantly turn her head to watch me before she left for good.

The dream before this goes to a scene in a bathroom, where I was cleaning some disgusting stalls using soap from compartments placed near the mirrors: something that any person can simply do. The boys coming and going mocked me silently until a small crowd of them accompanied by a girl decided to linger, doing little but to watch in theatre of this spectacle. From the girl's behavior and movements, I discerned she was both disgusted and admiring of me as I cleaned the filth-ridden piss stalls. In my haste of keeping composure while being observed, I made a mistake and thought it was logical to dump some waste-candy down the drain of one of the stalls.

Normally, you wouldn't correct such a mistake to sustain pride, but when a sympathetic guy said he'd do it I stopped him and corrected my own mistake: one of the most demeaning things that you could do in this society. In shock they found this to be the most troubling thing to watch, as I picked up the piss wet Skittles candy with my bare hands and took to the trash. The dream then ended there.

In this Orderly Kingdom of Lies, the failure and ineptitude of the peoples' protests can only mean that there is but a few courses of action more effective than the Holy Chaos that is wrought by simply telling the truth.

7/28 morning

Had another zombie dream, where a man who sought to use his capability to live on his own, became an exile of his own accord to live out in the woods. During the epidemic however, people came to take refuge near him in order to avoid being taken by the undead horde. As he was very good at killing the human zombie menace, he was able to order the men and women to victory after victory. Towards the end of the conflict, he used multiple bases to funnel the undead into chokepoints and kill zones. He ended up dying an agonizing death however, as a sow had become infected and attacked him near a position where he had been hung upside down. I describe the order of events of which I observe the dream, for these tragic events are of great curiosity to me. (Event 2) A woman noticed a sign of blood running down the hog's entrance pen, but she was shocked and frozen in fear. (Event 1) At this same time, an infiltrating rattlesnake lunged at the pig, (Event 6-aftermath) but it was so fast in reflex that it bit the snake's head in half in deadly precision. (Event 3) The sow was awoken and rage-filled when the leader had started to make noise when he freed himself of his bonds and stood himself upright, unwittingly announcing his position to the keen eared through his movements. (Event 4) The pig broke free of it's pen some 20 – 40 feet away diagonally from the man, and charged him. Once knocked onto his feet, the pig went for his belly and both gored and I assume devoured him, as I turned away from the dream in disgust, watching the dream become a cinema screen of a display. (Event 5) Yes, I broke the 4th wall of this dream too, as I gained awareness of the cinema building with empty seats. There was one seat occupied beside me however, and it was my mother in same pink outfit she wore the very Sunday before. She was entranced and fixated on the screen, her eyes as wide as the woman who

stood in shock witnessing the scene. (Event 6) Events passed quickly as when I turned back, the scene turned to the point of view of a country-style woodsman with a jolly demeanor who was comfortable going into the pig's pen and saw the rattlesnake aimlessly swaying its bloodless half head swaying left to right in undeath. He casually mocked it as a nuisance, demeaning its formerly deadly glory. The only reason I knew the pig was fast of reflex and bit the snake's head in half was because of this scene, after the unexpected had happened. I don't remember what specifically happened to the snake, as the dream ended abruptly but I knew the woodsman handled it.

I must resolve myself and keep a gaze at horror, I cannot be undone by the forces that use fear to control me. Death is a part of life, and our fear of death, which may make us human, needs to be settled and dealt with appropriately when the time is right. I guess the only good part is though he died a gruesome death, his mission for his people had been done. I assume the girl warned everyone.

The dream preceding this was about fighting in a battleground in WoW. I was very capable in these situations and was aware of the objectives. Towards the end, I spoke to an Illidan impersonator about tactics and the efficiency of good strategy versus bad ones, like everyone thinking for themselves funneling through a chokepoint, versus using the great open spaces first to initiate good movement as the first action to battle. Before the game, I was in discord call with the great players I had come to known. One of them was trying to get me back in the game while his friends spoke with a joking manner. Having one of the most human conversations I've heard in a dream. They self-deprecated themselves often with memes and comments of their actions, mocking own their ruthless improvement in the game with one liners like "that's unemployed behavior".

I didn't want to participate because as I heard such a comment, I myself was working and decided a while ago irl, that I wouldn't use the unemployment to its maximum and play WoW. This course of action to deny going back to the old ways was motivated by the desire to quell my fixation on my love of Vez. The pain motivated me to go back to work.

"Sissy stuff" If you're a male, all you need to prove that you're a man is to ask a woman

Undertaker clothing, ministerial cloth, military clothing creates a constant war with the self

7/29

I witnessed the Empire of Mankind and beheld a speech in my dream's ear, my vision glimpsing marble white city filled with enough greenery to provide sanctuary from the brightness of its own buildings. I rose fast through the Earth's atmosphere, enough to see the curvature of the Earth dip at least 22 degrees until I witnessed 3 quarters of colossal world ship. my field of view. It had a rack structure support it shaped like a toilet paper rack but the cylinder was long enough to make it lengthwise alike to a Destalya wooden 18.7" rolling pin scaled to a gigantic proportion, making it the most spacious part of the vessel. The cylinder held around it a miniature world filled with greenery and oceans and clouds. The ship could have been 20 miles long, but I doubt it, because the cylinder's surface mirrored the greenest part of the Earth. It was simply wrapped around it like a Flat Earth and visibly rotated towards the lateral right. The support structure looked very much like a massive version of a modern space station in the shape of the toilet paper rack, surrounding the cylinder on one side. The ship was capable of movement in space as it propelled itself slowly out of frame.

Death of the Attention Span 4f– Things are becoming less appreciated in favor of meme content, destroying our attention span (Kid being unamused by a genuine offer of humor of a car racing around a Christmas tree)

Djaridans working a weapons factory, the lava is expensive and the foreman stresses about production to the workers to get them to work harder

A dragon shaped creature referred to as a basilisk? It had wings but was called such. And was on the alliance side giving quests while I was infiltrating on a rmountain range similar to the north side of Dragonblight, but it had been built upon as a lava manufacturing foundry.

Pvp with an ebony girl warrior who was interested in attacking me but did not initiate, I did not choose the horde of alliance nearby

Buffalo orange ginsu beetle's cadydid meal stolen by a bedbug looking large bug, swaying tree and a marsh looking under a large castle in Portugal, announced by a narrator, I was jotting down notes for the dream onto the

dream itself. I marked terrain, as the sun rose and made it morning, 9 – 10am light, but it rose from the west? The king was ordained by God through messages etched in the light, or in the clouds, it wasn't clear how the king got the messages. He looked through a palace corridor etched in a marble rock wall for his answers.

God told him he must expand, and accumulate power, even though the specifically King "Did not want power"

Dreamt about me releasing my book, I was ridiculed, but I was wiling to take the rejection, I made my self-fulfilling prophecy a reality, but I made no regret of it, for I surely knew that ears would be capped had I not released my story.

Cheating feels great, especially while you're cheating, but I'm very aware that if you treat life as this game made to be cheated then things begin to lack meaning If you want a life that you can look back on and say, here's what I did and I'm proud of it, then you should avoid cheating. Such a shame that human nature dictates that whatever I tell you, you'd want to do the opposite now.

There is a great, hidden reluctance to type this dream. A great absence of anxiety for a fortune of terrible fate. I will type the dream. As before, the inherent value of the act supplants the logic for inaction. I was walking through the city to my usual job, when I look to my left. In the place of the Galpin Ford car center there was a casino looking hotel, the name is unknown to me, but the affairs transacted there were conducted by Indian businessmen. I went in to the hotel and found it was cheap, one month's stay for $103 dollars. I decided to buy a month just for the curiosity and held to my usual routine for 3 days, visiting the hotel to sightsee the interior, while I unpack clothes incompetently to such extent that a group of short, limber, and young Asian men accidentally mix my laundry with their bag sets one Saturday. I organize my laundry and take it to the upper floor where my suite exists. As I relax I teleport: the scene changes. I am in Greg's Mercedes Benz,

the interior is laden with a limestone colored fabric alike to that of a carpet. Traffic irks him again and sends him into a single-minded road rage. As the traffic increases, signs of patrolmen increase as chaos start to create opening gaps within the freeway, giving Greg an opportunity to recklessly seize the moment. The first of these cases was an opening made by what looked like a truck crashing into a police vehicle. The drivers were too timid to take the opened way, and Greg had been in perfect position to seize the opportunity. This unwarranted and reckless conclusion had made sense to him: to make a bad situation right, as he was enraged earlier while explaining something to me. Both of us failed: I missed the opportunity to alert him to the incoming lane switch to a freeway rise that took us to Temple Avenue, and he was single minded in explaining a lesson he was attempting to articulate. The missing of the Temple Avenue exit drove him livid, and he struggled greatly to keep the rage inside of him as he tensed his hands on the steering wheel and grew redder in complexion. So back to the opportunity he took. Greg seized the moment and was rewarded with a front and center seat to observe four gangsters holding the freeway hostage just before an intersection. Greg shouted from his car something along the lines of: “ Yeah, great idea for a protest guys, block the entire fucking freeway to prove your point” The provoked gangsters approached the car. The police were powerless to stop them. A white hooded gangster held the interior of Greg’s open window, and Greg literally shrank as the gangman opened fire at the back left interior of the car, between the tops of the passenger and rear windows. The shoots were rapidly executed in third-of-a-second intervals and he fired at least 13 of them. He switches positions with a large black guy clad in casual black clothing who equips a scopeless, muzzle less SCAR looking gun and shoots it with one arm, firing at the exact same spot the hooded man was attacking. As the beautiful car’s interior design was being torn apart by the ricochetting bullets, I realized that the assailants were attempting to kill one of us through indirection by ricochets. There was a great sensation that the cops were helpless under bureaucracy to stop the loophole from being exploited. I also maintained that I was not myself, I could have very easily been Hunter Bennett, and that the White and Black figures represented something else entirely. After two of the four gangsters failed to kill us, Greg seized yet another moment, and evaded the cops who only now just tried to stop us from escaping the crime scene. We evaded the useless police and exited the freeway. As we left, manifestos of the white hooded figure lined a freeway underpass. The area resembled the 405 exit near Playa Del Rey and the orange lights assisted the reading of the manifesto, in which a narration by a hapless reader unveiled the details of

the parchment looking paper. The Manifesto was about the state of the world and how close it was to doom, the examples he used were based off of memes and video game references which made him look foolish, but he described accurately the positions of the major powers of the world and how they could be destroyed to give ground to new life. America's fate in particular, was based off of the original Sonic trilogy. The manifesto kept a nonphysical but readable presence despite Greg's mad turns to distance himself from the attack scene. Only now does more of the dream make sense, as in its beginning, the trigger for WW3 looms in relation to a stock crisis, and the four gangsters blocking the freeway were either trying to provoke it, or naively attempt to stop it.

You valiantly fought for your parents against yourself until 2016, and then something happened. That moment when the rage left you during the 400 splits, you realized you were free, free to do as you pleased. The idea of enduring the education system was in the name of curtesy for your grandmother-who you respected, but you could not fight this battke against yourself forever. When you made the narcissistic decision to abandon college and work for yourself you bloomed and they hated it because they did not see that when they were that age, so they fought you and became as bureaucratic and vague as the people you hold disdain for this day. You see through their false argument and think to yourself "hmph, well that's not worth putting my effort in, go away!" And they are driven to prove you wrong. This is the gratuity the new opposition has given to you, to see that you are worthless. You are a failure - in the strict sense of standards this world has bestowed upon you. But now you are complete, and you do not need validation any longer. Go now and spend time on yourself- your presence should be all that matters and those who value it less and less the more they see you should be satisfied with not seeing you for another 10 years, so go and spent your full heart on yourself and be done with this fakeness in oiling the machine that someone up above in the highest seat of power, who thinks their God invented to bring all these people misery. Know that just like Greg, he may be supreme, but the thing he or she wishes, they will receive in the worst possible way.

The way this life is, these things are never going to change, relationships change and I make mistakes due to incompetence: alcohol is not worth it, no one has my back when I'm at my worst. Am I just a bad

person, or is it an effect of the poison that alcohol is. What is it with these fake relationships that disgust me? I'm never going to earn these peoples' trust. I'm too different, like I've always been, why do I continue to seek solace and comfort in people? I need a new camp that appreciates me, I need something more complex in my life, college, debate arenas, something to fulfill the warrior I was born to be. These meddlesome conflicts between shallow friends remind me of work. Boinkies is right, a response to anything without substance is not an effort that is deserved from my direction. If I continue to keep in things that lack substance for me, I deprive them of their purpose. Why do I hate developing friendships in this way? Is it just my nature to be someone that yearns for more transparency? Something less boring – no, these people are so unsatisfying, demanding that I speak their language. I could be stupid to them, no I'm always going to be stupid to them. I don't want to practice social grace, its too little of an accomplishment in my mind, and that's a point of view neither of us is going to take in clan the other for. This hell inside is the effects of attention economy, these people are going to do nothing but simple things, and I'm going to have to move on. It's ok to get rid of the things that lack substance to you, but do it in your own way.

This shit reminds me of previous times, where its so unfulfilling to get involved in a space that's ready to receive me. I am so deterred by something. I wonder what it is. I feel this opposite force that is inherent in me pull away from what is to me, meaningless. No, maybe its me. Maybe it's that I freeze during conflicts of interest, and that I've always been afraid or rather inactive in disagreeing with a crowd. I should use my current life to practice disagreements with people. Whatever comes my way let it be natural, don't care about any inhibition, they didn't care to begin with, if they pull away from you that's less of them in your life, giving you the room to maneuver and focus on your purpose.

I HAD A DREAM OF MY 2ND semester 9th grade teacher, observing our class, not minding that she was blocked in her small office by the trash bag in front of her. She looked at me nonchalantly as I asked if she minded the trash bag next to her as I was looking for a place to position my dear sweater. She diverted the question with an instructive phrase that she was repeating from a movie everyone was watching. "So and screen, so and screen" She was repeating a phrase that was wrong from the movie, and I corrected her with "Show and share" and the dream ended.

What makes my step-dad, drag me in the wallows of his own misery? What makes my father, who was so disciplined in the armed forces, come back with an unquenched rage that disturbed me. What makes my mother, a paragon of nurture, prove the cost of infidelity in the presence of a child, Am I to say that I am grateful for the fall of my guardians? Am I to say that I wish I had better parents? No, those decisions were made before me.

This is my life, and this is my passion, It is my choice to decide life by my heart and I'll be damned if I let you live it for me

It is my choice to resist the control of my heart and I'll be damned if I let you.

8/12

Another dream of the world infected with rage zombies. I look in on a compound made up of three parts. The compound is a part of an environment where supernatural things mirror themselves. The example that pays credence to this was a structure perpendicular in position to the compound, but it was separated from its counterpart by a forest and a river. The alternate compound's districts were equivalent, but the specific structures inside were disproportionately larger in this mirror image. For instance, the orderly view of the church is scaled as if it were zoomed in, particularly around the basilica and its great clerestory window which was somehow visible as if the church was bisected to show its design inside, mostly cut from the cornerstone to the left of the main door to the back right corner of the roof. The cut respected the shapes of the roof's contours, as if it wasn't a cut at all and rather an opacity setting on the building that was set to 0%. I was constantly referring to specifics using this mirror image as if I was zoomed in with a scoped weapon noting particulars of an objective. Someone left the gates open in the first compound and it somehow felt that it was my responsibility. A distracting man on a motorbike was compelling the zombies to chase him in a line, but the middle of the compound was a church, and the zombies veered off course as the pursued person made too much of a gap for the zombies to track him normally. They began to move in hard south directions as if to catch him whilst he made a turn up a road south, towards us. The church had a session going, and a narrator (maybe

me) was speaking with sarcasm that they will be able to fend off the horde with prayers. God’s doors were not breached, but the aisles gave way and a hulking zombie challenged the churchgoers, the reverend confronted the creature and had a brief confrontation of emotions before he took to fear and the rage-filled creature executed him, moving onto the rest and spreading the fear across the room like blood contracting a virus. The plan to corral the zombies through the compound had absolutely failed and the small commune of churchgoers had joined the masses. The dream shifts to my mother who is driving me using a technique that allows her to drive from the passenger seat behind the driver. We are driving in an arid environment. The road we’re driving on is the wrong side of the highway lanes as I see the right way to go has a line of traffic. The only order is driver-emergent, as incoming drivers pass by casually as if we were pedestrians brushing past near each other. Previously before this, the dream held me in a tense situation were I was staying behind too long in a house in a dangerous area – the urban (or the city). We were communicating with a friend of the family to collect camouflage for the plumbing in our house. In a house we came across an altercation, My mother was dual-present, and from what I recall her second self lost a fight with a force that I was capable of seeing, but not able to interact with. The belongings she left behind were present and I was collecting them before moving on to the first presence of my mother who had not fought at all, and was impatiently waiting in the care, notifying me that she was going to leave me in concern of the dangerous nature of the city, especially with the evening light giving way to the horizon.

End of a book

Mankind is governed by its own emotions and ineptitude

The system is self-governing, judging every species by its own collective decision making

The reason there is no life in the universe is because you look within a glass marble, your own judgement blinding you by how much space is not being used, obfuscating the possibility that such inefficiency exists. In the name of generating capitol, you fail mankind’s potential by bringing the sum of the parts down in belief that the greater can sustain its own.

You have no constitution in determining the rapidity of life, because your selfish desires don’t allow others to grow alongside you. You don’t believe in any hope that compassion to things less intelligent than yourself is of any worth, that is why disease and parasitism exists, to cull your population in hopes that it can covert-naturally sustain the lives of others, but here you are, scouring the earth of all life in the name of production, until your own species has to sustain the activities of naturally occurring phenomena in the name of efficiency? How foolhardy. Even the rocks you stand upon are greatly affected by the sustenance of life, Do you presume to think that the majority of material is lifeless at all points, disaffecting the climate and composition of each planet? You are wrong to think that we haven’t so perfected a system that proves the aptitude of a species so well that each life form is given a chance to ascend to the greater system on their own time?

8/16/2025

Another dream illustrates the importance of fighting the opposition, I delay writing it down, so I simply don’t remember. I am growing a feeling of urgency as the blood in my feet surges from time to time, hearing the motivation of God, providence, and my eternal spirit that resists the hand of evil for all time. I have given the world my love, patience, and grit. The world in turn has given me my dreams in the best possible manner. It is thanks to the will of those watching over me that I have lived life so large, much further beyond the scope of human appreciation. It is my destiny to give back to God in a final stand to show my gratitude for my brilliant life. I feel in my blood that I was born to die, that I am a descendant of warriors who lived for bloodshed. Let it be known that after I create this book, I will usher in the next stage to bring about my fate and contribute to the world to free us, the innocent, from this empire of conformity. Surely, thanks to todays’ sensationalism, you may read this and assume that I’m aspiring to be a killer, a maniac, a psychopath and a sadist, but understand that this is not so, and I don’t wish to cause suffering for the sake of my own weakness. I’ve tried as a lifelong occupation to fulfill the demands the human world has beset upon me. I am a freak, a misfit. I will be like this forever. When I show my true self, people become scared. I am so unfit for this civilian life, and to ask that I conform is to dissatisfy me, and to dissatisfy me is to ask me to become like one of them, those who hide their true selves and abuse others. They compensate for the emptiness that drains their hearts, self-imposed for the trespass of concealing one’s own skin in an effort to bequeath danger. I am not like those who follow such a path. I am no longer surprised that

people find themselves miserable for denying so many of their desires, and thus impose that others share their pain. I know that I saw through this and tried to integrate

‘

, and this fact of mine sustains me. I press on to offend this society that holds spite for the independent soul. I am the fire of change, and I live.

8/19 dream

Vrchat world in real life, looking like an adobe style mansion

Being watched by clown doppelgangers

Assassins, 2 cars both red

Feeling of being watched

One house, 3 stages, one celebrity helps me (either drake or lebron) and turns the assassins into thirst chasers?

I study how to teach people and come across a revelation that taking care of 1 – 3 requires special training 4+ is K. People offer me what little money they have to learn from the booklet.

Dreamt of gardening, the number 333 ordered twice in parallel, the pig’s head is in between

This world is changing faster than we can handle it.

The only way to combat it is to stand against injustice on others who have nothing to do with us.

8/21

Why did I mishear analytic carbue for analytical view

Michio Kushi Lecture 1986

Parents are min-maxxing their children and making them resent the teachings of our time

They killed my mother

She is a slave for money

Maria Plascencia is dead to me

Sucking Greg’s cock while Dad takes care of us

Fuck you bitch

I want to leave my country

I want to escape

I see before me the crime of industrialization and the hatred of love

I resent the practices of my country

I need to find a way out of this land

Glory in Battle may not be my way

It is for love in this time

And we are the chosen to share love in this hideous hypocrisy

Proof of Hated : She placed a hand on my shoulder, I don’t know for certain why, but I ascertain that it was to unbalance my mood in an effort to bait an unseemly reaction

8/23 dream

Ordered a donut at a convenience store, I chose the worn down ones

I was late to start work at a 6am shift at a new job in a desk, the room was furnished

I also

My book will be about empowering the ugly and ashamed, of how our society condems failures to such an extend that it demands we seek out personal justice in every avenue of life, where you could learn so much more by experiencing the fall in the most human of ways.

The torch of supremacy is being handed over, and every rite of passage that has designated us as superiors climbing a ladder needs to be reworked in order for us to cooperate and survive as a species. If we do not change our perspective and offer hands at the round table governing the world, we may not win in the exchange that follows, and even if we do, life will not be the same.

The olive branch has been passed forth

What comes next is to be destined

Why are they all lying to me, it’s as if people are following a tradition of lies in a kingdom that has them etched in it’s lifeblood. It’s either true or not, but this blatant crafting of illusions of disenchanting any sense of temperament for my anger. I continue to become frustrated with the kingdom and now my wrath is assured. I will continue to tell the truth in all of it’s obscene glory.

Watched my friend paly deadlock, I observed the game and thought of 3rd person map perspective versus first person, I thought of the different proportions (of uniqueness) of the characters in reference to the mobs on the map. I thought of the setting of the game and I thought of my own observation technique as opposed to that of others. When he lost a fight, my attention went elsewhere and I lost appeal, giving into the common attitude of leaving behind a loser, I then rebounded the thought by thinking of what people do when they support each other : watching through the thick of it.

They enforce a system that keep us behind bars in order to prevent us from solving the world’s problems

Act as if God is within you, for that which he can destroy holds no true power over you

I treat insults as a side effect of human interaction, including the effects these intimidation attacks have on me, which have been so far: (Shaking, heart rate increase, confusion, desire to cooperate less, especially if the person in concern is exhibiting ironic dualism=bipolar) And the effect my intimidation resistance has on others: (affirmation seeking behavior, low sense of self-esteem, nervousness, fear, anger, contempt

I come across a common theme of people within the companies I work for. Managers shift tactics and spend energy on attempts to change my mood or demeanor. It’s as if it’s about control and not money or efficiency. In my opinion they expect people to think, speak, and act a certain way. They see people as resources, each person a template upon which they can operate on. When you don’t follow the procedures as they see fit, and bend the rules to encourage self-optimization, managers and high-ranking employees find your actions revolting.

This is a time of late-stage capitalism, and we are in the megacity design. It is bound to collapse because of rising division and the abandonment of meritocracies within the structure that supports such a city.

8/27/2025

Established backup

8/28

I get on the bus back home and reflect on the day’s peculiarity. As I chart my course back home using limited battery on the phone I give the street signs a try. I look at the signs to attempt to discern my location. My head turns

back and forth between the parallel and perpendicular signs every 5 seconds for at least 5 times. During this event I make the two men near me incredibly nervous and a man in green is so unsettled that he moves to the front of the bus to avoid my gaze. I wonder if my presence is felt by others around me.

Perhaps I’m more autistic than I thought, and that life for me is a struggle of people constantly getting in my way, trying to break my personality and getting frustrated when they can only seem to bend it.

8/30/2025

Dreams

Dinosaur hunt game, fps where you’re hunted by a rex’s very big father

The success story of crream

8/31

The karma may have come full circle, things did not go my way, and that’s fitting. That run in with Rezo was something that was unseemly of what I was preaching. Know that you are human, and that whatever cause you may push forward, the opposite of what was intended may take place. Have faith in the relevance of your friends, they’re going to test you as much as you do them. I’ve also become aware of (insanity) a sense of telepathy, I have held my tongue for 17 days until I’ve written it down because it’s unbelievable. Despite the unscientific (by modern standards) theory about it, I find that when I act in reaction to this voice that appears to represent the thoughts of others, my influence becomes unquestionable. Regardless of how legitimate this phenomenon is I must use it as a looming reminder that listening to other peoples’ communication is something I need to keep in mind, especially when I become invigorated by intense feelings of passion for things that I want to embody and learn from.

9/1

The Rules of the Redmare

1: I cannot fulfill the redmare in hypocrisy, it invites me to hell. It is fate or God’s design to punish evil, especially yours.

2: Vengeance and evil is not worth it, for who could be more desolate than a CEO who seeks child’s misery?

3: Hatred is best spent not on people, but for motives and principles.

Fringe theory (insanity) My mother and step-father wanted me to kill myself when I was 13, so they could be justified in supplanting me, little do they know how hatred works in this world, and that by hating me, they have given me great power. Human beings are so inclined to hate without reason that they often fall into this trap, like mice in a water bucket, drowning in a deluge of debaucherous hatred. The more I study hatred, the more I see it having many similarities to love.

9/2

A daydream of another battle as I barely awake. It begins with the study the insecurity of mine when I obsess over a lost lover. I take their incapability to share my perspective on things as a sign that they are a harasser. This is due to the assumption that they resemble someone I used to hate by the means of more similarities with the hated person than I could imagine. I draw great strength from keeping them in my circle, so I can't say no to them without betraying the desires of my soul to keep them in my life for the sake of psychological battle. As I relate the two characters the voice of the old hatred speaks to me, emphasizing their low opinion of me as I list the reasons for the conflict and the covert means to belittle my existence through subjugation such as: guilt tripping me when I sought to make my own food, bullying me by stating my inferiority to Hunter, wasting my time with advice of no substance and engaging me in conversations with the intent of conflict over exchanging conclusions.

The voice fails to acquire mutual hatred and is undone in its quest to derive satisfaction. By the time it finishes its attempts to taunt me, it has grown into a colossal pair of wings as large as a storm cloud. The bird resembles the famous hoaxed image of the dinosaur crow, one who's wings are so imposing the bird's head is barely proportionate to the body. The bird's shadow collapses upon me. The shadow power bombardment takes the form of a strange surge of water. My form dissipates and turns into an army of graceful seagulls and the battlefield takes place over an ocean with a nearby rock shore.

I witness a superior force of black birds. I crave their power as I observe from behind them. I am torn between two allegiances, white or black until I am suddenly in command of the white fleet and I am forced by intuition into action. I see that the incoming dark forces have a superior mass and position. They swoop down at us in a flat 70-degree angle, so I order the fleet to dive close to the surface of the water and turn sharply almost 90 degrees to hit the superb dark flock in their soft bellies. Not only does the

enemy suffer greatly from this flank form under, but the awkward angle makes it even or disadvantageous at the nosedive where they concentrated their own attack. The enemy force becomes bent like a snake held at the face and lower neck. Under the cloud of chaos the white fleet survives to escape, but despite the devastation of the black fleet, the dark flock relentlessly prepares itself for another attack.

My bird allies change forms to men as they huddle and speak amongst themselves to consider our limited options. I lose hope in the debate over the next course of action. One brave man speaks of his dismay at my stutter of confidence and convinces the others to cheer me on to lead them properly into death. As I heed my comrades a new voice of great darkness speaks to me and foretells that I am indeed near the end. It communicates through emotion to my waking life that I lack the power necessary to survive this era of starvation as he relates the dream to my real life. He tells me that I am blessed to have lived to fulfill my most cherished dreams and now is the time to give back to God the life force he has given me for sustaining the lows brought onto my soul by the hands of disappointing people. He acknowledges my reality by telling me it is my job to go forth and challenge the systems of the damned by completing my book and sacrificing myself as scapegoat by means of the court to battle the corrupt structure of this society that embraces distrust and encourages stupidity.

9/3

2: I dreamt of a conflict between either shura or vex and me. It culminated into a showdown of who could beat who in a duel, but we were playing in some Ark style game, with just as much jankyness to the game. It seemed to me that I had powers to change this dream world equivalent to the ruleset of cortex roleplay. I was one of three forms and chose the form of a nightmare raptor. I was aware of a perceived small occurrence that the raptor would push things through the floor of the battlefield and kill them through an automatic instant kill when they reached 100 game meters under the map’s surface. While most people were rooting for Vex/Shura, those knowledgeable knew that he was fighting an uphill battle. I had the powers of an administrator, where I could change my character’s model at will and it had dirty tricks I could abuse, such as pushing his character through the floor and killing it instantly. In fact, through the introduction, I had already done so when I simply pounced on his (simply inferior dark blue raptor ½ the size of mine) during proceedings to intimidate him. With the deletion of his work, any secret buffs he placed on the character were gone and not only was the

introduction made awkward, but Vex/Shura was greatly demoralized. Since the covert nature of doing things under the table was acceptable, this dirty farce resorted to nasty tricks such as this and he didn’t protest the obvious unfairness out of being accustomed to the normality. I felt bad for him, but it did not stop my intentions until my own incompetence stopped me when I suddenly became compassionate and out of mindlessness, I accidentally deleted my character myself whilst searching through the index of aliases trying the find any sort of command to specifically undo the inadvertent killing to restore the disappointing prelude to the battle. I wanted things to be grand and the way I saw fit by perfection by the display of an equal fight, but since I had god-like powers, using my full might would have been so dissatisfying and often got in the way of my enjoyment, hence the attempt to sort out things and aid my enemy. In a compassionate admittance I changed to a creature resembling an atom or a wrap of colored balls and ropes. I then plainly stated to my enemy Vex/Shura that I would fight them in this form, and he was grateful that I “changed my mind”. He did not see through my half-false compassion and that I detested the destined victory, which would have felt so lame had he simply respawned and fought my prepared character. I essentially snatched defeat from the jaws of victory for the reason of dissatisfaction, and an indirect considerate stance, given that I still wanted to beat him. Then dream jumps to another scene.

3: I was in dust wallow marsh exactly where I logged out and I was just in time to witness shura, out of contempt of being left out by the bonds of friendship, started kicking everyone from the guild when he hit 44. He did so under the cover of a time where everyone slept, or where anyone with the mindfulness to see him kick people wouldn’t protest. The dreaming ends there

1: There was an epic battle between Lizardmen/Ark dinosaur forces and Skaven. The theatre of battle started in my grandparents home, but gradually transformed into a round shaped peninsula that had four avenues of attack. The peninsula itself was defined by its lizardmen structures of Aztec style temples strewn about the south flank of the battle, sometimes piercing the impassable hills dividing the two northmost paths of attack. Separating attack paths 2, 3 and four was a ravine half bisected by a rock face in paths 3’s center. Paths 2 and 4 were elevated compared to the ravine, but the rock face ascended to block vision of the split of paths 3 and four. This is where the Skaven forces placed their support artillery in the form of fel-lightning howitzers. The single support team could desecrate the high-profile dinosaur forces if not handled, so most flanking efforts were focused

on this single article once scouted. The first flank was done by a force of skink dogs which were met by a counter flank of a heavier force. A second team was sent but the eye of command shifted positions as it realized it gave the force too much attention, and Skaven forces were advancing on all avenues of attack. The eye of command chose to capitalize on his position and bisect the Skaven army by sending his most elite dinosaurs into the ravine. The Skaven send Fel abominations through the attack paths to support all forces, and they have enough of them to match the might the central attack by buying time. This is where Vex appears in the form of his blue raptor, towering over most dinosaurs. It is unsure as to what the allegiance of us is, as I was eager to see the lizardmen win by my habit of fighting Skaven forces so often. It was a peculiar instance that he was dinosaur coming from the lizardmen's side. This was because he ascended the ravine's rock face and a number of 3 elite wounded dinosaur vanguard was trapped on the skaven side of the rock, but concealed enough to allow them to hide and heal. Vex was about to haplessly kill them in inadvertent betrayal before I got his attention and that's when I did the pouncing and started 2:

9/4

A dream about an observer watching other people behave, a pool party of well-off people and two muscular brothers with one emulating the other in a childish reverence. The party takes place on a high rise overlooking the city, perhaps this is in the hills of Glendale, CA. The observer is a man that lives in a delusion, who assumes that everyone ought to live like the people around here and would be happier to act like the boys messing around with each other.

9/9

2 Dreamt of a different love interest & I talking over a trip to a Spanish carnival. We were meme-ing at the seriousness at the local authority in the carnival. There was a jovial blonde woman who was in charge of the petting zoo section who was obviously mistreating the animals as we were being toured and filming her scaring the animals as she attempted to interact with them. From the tour, the scene jumps to night where we were hanging out at the carnival. The authority announced over comms a misidentified twitter handle of myself to try and threaten us to leave the carnival. A group of children nearby laughed as they read the person's words across a big screen,

blatantly inconsiderate of the kids witnessing him curse on the screen to communicate his fury.

1 I dreamt of a bad parting between my mother and I. I used my voice to tell her to get out of my life as I saw her as an obstacle with selfish and emotions and motives more than a trustworthy person. I proudly took my father's side, but he didn't approve of my emphatic hatred for her. The two of them were younger, but I was the same age and my mother was in a state of grief and anger as she was rejected by me. She moved around in hastened step to pack her things and leave as this was an informal goodbye.

9/10/2025

Dreamt of a day as if I was doing my normal routine in my WoW years. Ilistened to Asmon explain how he doesn't see the world as a person normally would and that it is hopeless to assume things will turn out fine for most of us.

9/11/2025

Dreamt of a band of children avoiding monsters in an elementary school. The progression of the story went backwards as less and less children were being taken away, to the point that the assailants first arrived. The children turned into dolls that froze in the presence of evil and could only move at night. A scout revealed the presence of the looming danger and at least 4 of us traversed the empty halls to evade the monster. I observed the maneuvers of a blonde girl doll child called Gretel. Two of the doll children were a couple and each time I passed them I greeted them to their dismay. Another of the doll children was an unfortunate one, who ran into the reinforcing horde that the scout was preparing for whilst chasing the doll-children. The horde was made up of a school administrator and doll sized monsters to make catching us easier. I waited for an opening at the junction where the search party first split off and chose to hide in a precarious, risky position near the entrance, sacrificing my body to hide the doll girl Gretel. It wasn't until the day that the administrator found me. He was with a triage of different people, and commented that that was the fastest he's ever found anyone. On the contrary, I clearly fell asleep in the night and it was morning so I felt that he was bluffing to preserve his ego of being unable to find me. As I walked with him and into his office, I could feel shame emanating from him. He stood in his office and turned to me to ask "What drives you to think that you could get away with it?" I respond confidently to his utter surprise "The people hunting the first people down tend to fixate their fury onto

them, allowing others to escape” He didn’t respond, and had me escorted to the principal where my parents arrived after the principal explained his logic to me. He told me that it takes $10,000 an hour to run the school, so that it what I’ll be charged. I was gullible, so as long as he had confidence in what he stated, the sentence made sense. My parents then arrived, my mother stripped to nothing but an orange bikini while my father was nonchalant and heard the principal’s rambling. I had been given a green slip to sign before my parents arrived; it was to bill them $10,000 authorized by me. I knew it was wrong, but I was either too lazy or too socially respectful to speak out against it and ruin the mood in the air. I signed in the house phone number, and my own signature, and as I waited to consider if I remembered the rest of the info like my social security number the dream ended with the feeling that I was letting my neglectful parents down.

9/11

Dreamt of going through a neighborhood of affluent people protected by patterns, with my sister. Someone well off was arriving from a flight out in the US who happened to play Classic Horde (Valley of Trials music). They left their house open for us passersby to observe as we headed towards what we knew was home. The dream ends shortly after my sisters explores the house and informs me that they are coming back home from a flight.

Elsewhere in the dream I think of a love interest and perform provocative acts to get her attention and swoon her. I’m successful and the dream results in an intense lucid dream.

9/12/2025

2: A dream of the ocean. We were committed to trials by traversing the water into the open ocean. Training was slow at first, but gradually increased in intensity until we were challenged to swim into the open ocean. I faced my challenge of fighting the breakwater and failed due my distress over the saltwater in my mouth. Another challenge came forth as I studied a foreign prodigy who was training to do feats other than swim into the open ocean. As he exercised using chains and poles that could be manipulated to work on his body, his instructor came to observe us. As the dusk turned to dark he enacted his sabotage of the prodigy, myself, and a friends. It began when we asked the prodigy how he got his ability. He replied by starting to reference that rise of a savior, that would surpass his own capabilities. The instructor then immediately closed the gates on us that did not lock, but were held together by his own strength, trapping me, my friend, and the prodigy in a

cage that would soon be submerged. The three of us were initially helpless, until I teleported through the cage to the great dismay of the instructor. The man up close looked like Harrison Ford, but with the unmistakable complexion that ails people in their 50s. The exertion his muscles gave to hold the gate with murderous was strong, but he was unprepared for the chaos my very presence goaded. On the celling of the prison pool facility I saw the splattered bodies of what must have been hostile dead souls look around aimlessly. Their attributes most resembled the runaway body parts of the Thing. My mere awareness of the creatures sent them into a frenzy. As one of the beasts fell on top of me I retorted its assault by the tongue and cheek remark “Aww, I was gunna kick your ass later!”. It dropped down on my face, tearing away at my skin until I kicked them off. The instructor was not so lucky as he was in a compromising position, using his full strength to keep the gate closed. While I fought the initial thing, the instructor’s head had been smashed and his jaw unhinged as gore escaped his mouth. Proceeding his death, calm had been restored and the things were no more. With intense curiosity, and expectation of a prolonged fight, I re-winded the dream to view how he had died. I found revelations starting from the ceiling scene where I viewed the ceiling-hanging creatures, I made the assumption that these must have been the maddened souls that the instructor was killing over the years, given a form of hatred that would server to be his doom. I allowed the events to play again, seeing the fearless attitude towards the menace. I missed the point at which a thing had made contact with the instructor, but I was able to review it pulling his head in between the doors of the gate, smashing it like playdo, meaning his head must have been compromised by the corrosive effect of the beasts before I even witnessed his execution. The dream ends there. I get a vague feeling afterward that those souls up there were not simply his victims, but manifestations of every person he had killed.

1: The first part of the dream was a strange one where I traversed the city of Westchester to go between my own house and my grandparent’s house. On the way from a part time job I entered a burger place, likely burger king. I sat in glee next to a line of people, who complained about the nature of their predicament, which was the point of me being there. You see, a pre-order for a game enabled a specific food item known as the “Better Burger” It had desirable meat, sides and condiments that made the average menu seem lacking and I flaunted two burger meals besides a line of envious people who were stuck waiting for their food. They complained to the cashier, scoffed at me making a mockery of their ill preparedness and ignorance and became

restless in the line as I munched down on my meals and took great pleasure in watching them squirm in line. It was here that I was fat, but not obese, this may represent my pig-like attitude. I then moved on with my day, feeling good about my self and while debating whether I should have hauled a computer to my grandmother’s house I noticed an interesting power cord as I boarded a bus that led back to my own home. The bus was free as it commonly was, distinguished by the lack of an interface or a driver shield as I walked in. the dream sequence shifts to the beach, where the ocean scene began.

I do not hate the people, I hate the design. The people adhere to the nature of the design. It is by natural whims that I resist it.

9/16/2025

The next dream is of me learning to defend myself. I look towards the enemy and it takes the form of hecarim from league. He is overtaking others because they are not maneuverable. A lady and I grow close as we learn to dance with each other. We are easily able to defend ourselves from the onslaught as we work together to understand our power. I find that my methods alone are not enough to unlock our true potential. The 2nd dream consisted of my capabilities in combat, where some of my gun loving friends were telling me to optimize my gun reloading skills and WoW Classic grind to help elevate the aims of the guild. The gun lovers and WoW Classic players were one in the same. The third part of the dream was about unveiling a prophecy. The translation had been long lost due to euphonism and self-interests warping the meaning of the old speaker’s words. It is up to me to understand the causation for the great schemes of the past to understand those that overtake us here in both the future and the present.

9/17

Dreamt of an amusement park, where there were small inns, like a game. The amusement park had a zoo in which dinosaurs and other animals escaped, and were terrorizing the civilians inside. We secured our position with the disciplines of stealth, but dogs and people came to visit our inn as one of the only safe hubs due to positioning alone. One woman was clearly infected but no one else seemed to mind, I stayed to assist my friends who

were tolerant of the infected person. The infected left the inn without much harm done to us, but raptors became aware of the sudden influx of people and began to assault the stragglers who fled chaotically. We found that this was an opportunity to escape, and made our way out, awkwardly repacking things that we had expected to settle in for a prolonged stay. The dream jumps. I personally escaped from a small train dealt by my sister, isolating me from my friends after I made sure to my best that they were safe.

9/18/2025

4: A twitch stream commenting on my ruminations and adventures in the style of my dad's demeanor would comment on my momentary immersion with the addled overmind (SCI).

3: A game of visiting planets, where people would visit them as clubs. My drinking friends would take a railway and tend to replay the same games with the person that embodies the unfiltered voice of reason becoming disappointed that I was playing ahead of them and manipulating the nature of their course. They rode the path like a rail, but I saw that there were many sockets that could be attended to, but many of them were not used. Each person had a sphere of power, looking similar to an array of black holes of various colors. They often took their simplistic sphere heads to ride stick figure constructs to complete themselves and mimick human forms traversing across the railways in joyful steps. The ride was very fun to them, and they fell into a routine, often abandoning any modifications to the path in order to maximize the fun part of the game. I deconstructed one of the monuments that turned people into these constructs and the UVR person complained and then went backwards, I assume they wanted to ride the previous part again. Every single person followed in lieu of the UVR's decision and I was left alone to tend to my decision.

2: I had four characters to choose from, options 1 and four were my preferred ones with 2 and 3 being 'flat' as I could best describe, like a splice of personalities and not wholesome. I chose option 4 first and this was best accounted as a reference to my path in WoW, where I made many decisions to double cross people both inadvertently and intentionally. My mentor in these times held me high for my reckless endeavors. I left the club due to the loss of influence and presence of meaning – something worth fighting anyone in person for, never forget that My dad was observing my ventures into the first planet, watching me in giant form as I often looked up to him. He commented in his own unique way that he was proud I moved on to the next thing and abandoned my mentor when he turned to influencing my life

for derogatory means. The first character was a new option, and the darkest of the black hole spheres. I noticed specifically that it had a level 2 aura designed like the United Kingdom’s Flag that did damage to everything around it. I dove headlong into a world engulfed in great flames. I oversaw my main character and noticed I held in gravitational orbit, the other 3 black hole characters around me. I still did not pay much mind to characters 2 and 3 but gave a sparse attention to character 4 as if I had been familiar with it for a very long time. I sent character 1, the blackest amongst my flock into the thick of what I saw to be a redder Char, filled with violent flames of red-pink that was submerged in an ocean of lava. Lingering around the planet was treacherous but the reward was experience for the new main. I was aware of the possibility of toxic gas as I held my sphere in orbit above the hostile planet. I held it there, apparently satisfied with its position as I held an eye to its health, checking for dot damage at different intervals to check if it accrued damage from more than just one source of attack. I shifted attention to the curious brigade of my drinking friends and either flocked to another planet or transitioned this red hostile planet on my own to make it safe to see my friends play there.

1: In the first dream I was half-awake, gaining visions of Vez, and clouded (but important) figures of my life observing my dreams. I barked attention to at least two figures, them and Vez for I caught them peering into my life to watch the storming birth of the dream state, commenting with brief remarks as if they were simply amused to see it come.

9/18 10am

5: A dream involving a chase. The giant lady from Singing in the Rain that was trying to kill us served as our friend now. She told us that whatever we do, we must not enter her lap without permission. I immediately ask “is right now one of those times?” And she replied “No”. She then began to drive us on the remote highway. She was in her controlled state, For a vague reason we were given chase by highway patrol. To thwart the aggressive pursuers at our back the giant woman accelerated and dove off of the urban highway and into a new setting: a left turning tunnel in greater suburbia, filled with orange lights. As we entered the highway artery at the mouth of the tunnel we hit the ground hard and the car skidded to the left and slammed lightl into the left wall where the sidewalk is. The maneuver worked and the cops instead chased a panicked dark red civilian that led the case and distracted the cops, perhaps It was a mirror image. My girl friend was in the passenger seat to help care for the temper of the giant driver, while I was thrown into

third perspective and was being joined by new companions, such as a motor cyclist who entered our car by flight and rode with us to escape the chaos, he crashed through the rearguard window and reeled in shocked pain as glass covered his forehead to the point that it pinned his hair back to reveal his hairlines. I constantly checked back in concern for his health, as confusingly I either must have been the girl, or was transferred into the lap of the giant lady, perhaps she was keeping my soul safe as my body was at the mercy of the chaos transpiring in the backseats. I dropped all concern for our direction ahead and looked to the cyclist to the right as his wails elevated slightly, a shine shone above his right then and then a gleaming back dart sticking out from his temple above his left eye. Quicky after the dart was unveiled an assassin broke through the left backseat window and hammered in the dart, executing the cyclist. I called out to my friends as the third perspective “An assassin, in the back seat” The man clad in black clothing seemed to not mind my old body as he deliberated on what to do. Suddenly another assassin enters the car from the right and announces himself jokingly as “King Rafuki”, but he holds an array of unsheathed medical needles. He attack my old body by impaling my belly, three to four needles at a time with prejudice. In third perspective I watched him impale me with the needles, carrying what I assumed to be all manner of diseases, I was unphased by the attack itself and more about the repercussions of having dirty needles impale me. The assassin next to me quickly killed ‘King Rafuki’ and after he pushed him out of the window he was disgusted by the shocking attack. My perspective was less concerned with the attack itself and noticed that he had made a perfect pattern of shots forming several circles around my tummy. My body begins to take control of my soul as I awaken, my soul wonders if my body should have stayed in the dream a little longer to conquer an obvious fear and draw blood into each needle to reduce the damage of infections coming from each needle site.

4: Assigned to assist the hunt for a married friend’s missing child. I find the child suspiciously easily in a run down burger king warehouse made of old wood, like a barn. She is disgustingly naked and covers herself in the brand sauce to hide some of herself but traipses the grounds without any mind that she is away from her parents and unattended to. She follows me down to the lower levels of the warehouse as I leave her to my friends who handle her rescue. I wander off wondering if her parents will find me suspicious due to the rapidity in which I found her after I was scolded by them to work on the search once again. The dream transitions to a chase scene, the friends and I – four of us each trying to escape a giant lady from Singing in the Rain

9/19/2025

2: Dreamt that I was the Queen of Blades, practicing wrestling control of the zerg from the overmind. The technique at which to exert control over the forces of the overmind was accomplished by pulling them far enough away from the area of greater influence, and then reintroducing them into the fold from which they came. This push and pull created resistance within the creatures in question, and allowed Kerrigan to dominate the forces by pulling them this far away and pushing and pulling to create resistance, which builds each time she pulls them away and breaks the bond of the overmind.

1: Dreamt of pursuing Natsu like I did Vez in scenes of blue hue rave worlds encircling a DJ rather than one-way mazes like the worlds usually are set up. Natsu was being flirted with while I was present. I endured the annoyance I had with a particular flirt, who went by the name DsT. I even witnessed their intimate encounter from the previous night but I still remained to accompany Natsu for an unknown drive to stay by their side and attempt to win them over despite the obvious signs to turn back and spend efforts elsewhere. This would be the third time, dream or not, that I've gotten into this very particular situation, and I don't like it.

9/19/2025

Dream that two prodigy children both have to commit a heinous act against a grand amount of people. Both of them pass, but the outcast, and alien boy with discolored green skin grows a conscious. He works his way from the front of a vessel to the back to walk and consider his actions. In the back of the vessel he meets two concubines who had been pleasing the men who attend to him by invite. They greet him with inviting pleas and of course he answers, for he is partially inebriated to attempt to evade the sympathy and sorrow. They fuck him from the front and back, realizing that he prefers the woman's role in fornication. The woman are not taken aback, but are instead industrious and even enjoy changing their style to fit his attitude.

9/22/2025

I dreamt that I was in my dress clothes, in an assembly with my class. We were given a mission briefing and told to go into an assignment in our dress clothes. We were told to disregard all formalities and put on our pouched combat vests alone. We went into a submerged building and were told to

swim to a rendezvous point, intentionally diving through the ruined building that was turned into a water world. We were given essentials as if we were prepared to go into the field for a time, and given water breathing pills that were explained by one of the military scientists (who was a part of the squad) that these were specifically engineered to allow us to breath in the water, rather than hold our breath. The explanation came in a casual conversation between two of my squadmates who swam ahead. I made a mistake of delaying my use of the pill to min-max it, as I was aware of the dangers of ingesting tepid water by mouth. I re-winded the dream to correct my mistake. We swam through a quick route as my team was very knowledgeable, and the dream ended at the rendezvous point.

I also dreamt of a 2nd conflict, one with mechs and various machines of war. I was involved in two battles, the enemy growing stronger in numbers as the second. The enemy bore red colors and ours were orange, but it was unclear as to who's side I was on. I fought in the perspective of an orange infantrymen, holding a deceptive gun. I held a helldiver's kit and was able to take out mechs until they identified my threat level. We pushed the enemy out of our fortress perimeter and through a gorge, giving chase to those in flight. Something strange happened when the terrain changed during our pursuit. All of those present were turned into animals, the enemy took the form of dinosaurs and crocodiles being chased. I was unknown, and one notable member of my support was an elephant. We chased them through a marsh and then they launched an assault. In desperation and anxiety we hastily chose to retreat, but a number of the enemy force barred our way from the path we just took. Despite the ambush by many of these crocodiles, we were able to overwhelm the back flank, as they were weak and instantly routed under the power of our engagement. We chased them as our new objective, and the enemy lost it's advantage in the melee combat concave.

10/2/2025

5:13 am during a love call, I hear a siren, or a calling sound on level 9. The pitch starts low, ten rises as it ends, similar to a tropical bird. The sound is mostly mechanical in nature, but the bird-like eeriness of it cannot be denied. While for the mundane it's most like a simple electronic car. It could be a refined sound used in a game to indicate recharge, or full energy. In fact, the sound is most similar to a one use spell that recharges a large amount of shielding in Starcraft 2(I find that the old sound for this is accurate, but not smooth when played in reverse). I hear this while I simply

watch a game of Kerrigan’s Demise, where the hybrid forces are tactically dominant and possess greater strength than the forces of life.

Dreamt of my friendship with notable characters of the horde, particularly the most hated ones in their most hated forms. Their mere presence displays their tactical brilliance at acquiring distinct positions that give them advantage, at first, it is gallywix in how he’s able to acquire wealth. Then the dream switches to my father, attempting to slow my progress down in order to protect me, but in my zealous belief in progress I stealthily commit hardcore to progress, as the rest of my family preached. The dream switched back to a third person perspective with another, more hated character of the horde: Sylvanas, who gains perspective like no other, but who’s great flaw is that she works alone and all followers are only too devout to her to allow her weakness to thrive. She is inept at heeding the alliance’s strength, where they are able cease fighting with the horde and compound their technology to an extent that she is unable to interact with key unspoken, expected procedures, like touching a pound sign to initiate a keypad. She is inept at fighting off the armies assembled against her, which are mostly alliance characters, and for some reason, an entourage of a certain type of people who discriminates against me the most in real life. I begin to wonder if my mother is turning into one of these kinds of people

10/10/25 Dream

A lady working for the republican party perhaps, was the widow of an assassinated politician (who looked similar to Reagan), who was killed in a rally hosted near a freeway and forest. A wise black man urged this woman to be appointed as a secretary for the President under the suspicion of her following demise. Twice he was declined as I viewed from a switchback series of positions between the forest roads that the assassinations were carried out, and a strange room that looked like a small courtroom, laden with oval office decorum. The group responsible for the assassination hid in clearings of deep blood red forests. These people harbored deep hatred for the administration and dealt a sophisticated number of attacks designed to capitalize on the weaknesses of the party’s compassion. After the news of the successful attempt, I reviewed time to see the trajectory of the bullet coming from the southeast over a road, I felt sympathy for the man as he was killed. The dream shifts to the red forests. I was amongst a team of 3,

personally commanding a unit identical to Master Yi, who was also being controlled by a competing person. The two of us aided a young woman who held great power and was affiliated with Special Forces. We formed a team of three that cut down once again: rage zombies, that me and the other “Yi” were capable of mowing down with the assistance of support. The Special Forces woman described a meta sensory technique that allowed her to predict the course of action the enemy would take. My recollection skill has waned, but the ability had something to do with love, and perhaps this was the weakness the agent capitalized on. (Conjecture) Maybe the connection was to intentionally drive the wife of the slain politician mad and that her appointment in a position of power was to keep her safe from (or act upon) the rage that infested the public.

10/15/2025

Omen of Clarity

Day began with a dream of a prince leaving behind a celebrated, brown dragon of immense power that was gifted to him. He still loved a brown Pegasus that he cherished and this was perceived as childish by his royal family. The nobility harried him and he was branded a coward as they suspected his decision before he took action. He shamelessly flew off with the beast amidst public shame from the castle in the sky.

I wake up to my lover Kyo, and we sext in voice call. Knowing the probing mind of my grandmother I suspect she has a keen ear and could potentially be listening in despite my attempts to stay quiet. The word coward fills my mind as I become angered by the fact that some meddling would get in my way of attending my lover’s needs. So resolve myself and continue the sext call through and through despite the threat of an eavesdropper.

The day then progresses with a reminder of my expertise in taking useful pieces of advice and discarding inaccurate claims from other people. Such was the case of the world boss in Blue protocol, either we had to rush the time slot for limited rewards, or it was done weekly and we prematurely did it. There is also the person I met with a substantial lead on anyone, who was simply afk farming some bosses. I tried his method and get a clear indication that it was a gamble, a risky but powerful gamble to choose his path as he was farming loot with god roll potential and he and I both received bad rolls on gear with a miss on main stat on particular.

The third part of the day was a conflict with my grandmother, where she noticed my fervent conversation with friends and intervened by calling me

over, giving me pressure on the school day. I gave in to the pressure by aligning with her motive, which was her emphasis that I'm taking too long to apply for college by waiting 1 day past the potential opening to sign up for it. The way I gave in was by misleading her, by compromising too hard and not making a stalwart stance on leaving the operator's words open to interpretation rather than making a precise, but pedantic calculation. And so I told her a muddy truth that the operator responded by noting Thursday, Friday, and Monday implying that those were the business days in question. After hindsight I could have just said Friday, Monday and Tuesday were the 3 business days of note, but I gave in to her remarkable ability to pressure people into giving into lies and deceit. I need to remind myself that she's aligned to the time obsessed mark of Zionism and must be wary that this will mostly be used to ill effect on me and is the source of conflict with her. I failed today, but have learned from my mistake. I must be patient and vigilant in order to overcome her will.

The last part of the day was a lively one. I compromise the power hunt for spending time with Kyo. I then progress through the day and try variety and get rewarded more often for dungeon running than boss hunting. The potential of boss hunting is higher, but the dungeon running seems better for me. I satisfy a great hunger and make retroactive adjustments for the night due to my accumulated knowledge of the past 3 days and take a rest into the night.

The night is filled with lively friend making. I enjoy the balance of conversation and my friends move on the baldur's gate. I watch Kyo after a delay. I keep accidentally tabbing into natsu's stream until I just accept the happenstance. It goes to show that I can see the rolls on his screen and not of others. After a nap I return to my friends and I get the chance to chime in on the fun and submit a joke, at first the resolution is shit and the image is small so I amended it later. I used the nvidia replay tech to reclaim a record a few minutes before my idea came to fruition.

The last important note was a playful conflict with Poro, where I stopped myself from making a cancer joke. This is not what I want to put into the world, and the temptation to be extravagantly vulgar is a line I've crossed before, it's one of the first things you learn the price of when you're a child. I resist the peer pressure and the urge to give in to the dark impulse this time.

This day emphasizes that you must stay true to your heart, do not give in to will of the opposition, however it may come about. Understand that forces are at play that push and pull, no two beings are always benevolent to each

other. Such was the case with Kyo. It felt hard to be kind and easy to be playfully mean, so I dabbled in prodding her today with some teasing all the while showing compassion for her sister after teasing her in dms and finding out that she's not too keen on the typical joke, so I just sent her some unexplained reassurance that she's strong. As for Kyo I took a liberty in extending my step, but in the usual manner where following the same direct teasing would take it too far, on the final tease I made an alluding statement by quoting the song Heavy Lover. The thought was gifted to me by my mind, and made use of retroactively upon quick contemplation.

10/15 Culmination of Thought: Stalking is louder than Walking

Learn to be shameless in order to achieve a higher level of stealth

10/16

2 A manuscript, detailing a criticism of Hitler. Speficially I see the words, "A Geek, a nerd, working up to be a youthful killer" the word youth is spelled like yuth. The excerpt I read from is about 4 sentences long. The excerpt is assisted by an announcer describing scenes of him being cooked up in a war room of which he spent seemingly too much time, he said "They didn't even spent most of the time in uniform." Once again the emphasis is on Hitler, and not of his generals, I have to discern them to see. I see a circle of four sides that represent a banner, but the banner has multiple images of him, some closer than others. Specifically there is one where he holds a halo as he stands left foot triumphantly over a rock as if he has defeated a great enemy. The banner looks like a mirror and it hangs as the center piece in his circular war room, of which he usually stands at the stage left of. The images are split behind personal garb and black and brown uniform, but there is little evidence of the nazi symbol, you wouldn't be able to tell were if not for the people in the scene.

3 Another dream sequesters the propaganda-like images. This is a waffen-SS training session as mentioned by an announcement by me, "I'm not able to do what they do". This one is held in a snow slope in some tundra like land. Three teenage men are in the vanguard: a large boy with an injury, a slender man and I. We split from the company by a herd of boars. The big boy is told to keep his head high but he relents to his pain. And so a group of boards veers off and surround him to gore him. We fight off the boars with enough ferocity that we are able to force their retreat. The boy is more injured than before. These boars are dexterous and are able to flank us, capitalizing on

our dull senses. One boar comes back to gore him some more before my fellow grabs his neck and snaps it.

Another wave of boars is incoming, their herd was concealed by a rock outcrop as white and bright as a glacier and they split off in two groups, showing a menacing coordination. Only at this moment do we realize that all assistance to the large boy has been for naut and we quickly abandon him. The boy makes a desperate, thunderous charge towards the company, but the boars are faster and veer past him like incoming shells. He is able to spin his body to deflect them. Blue lights now glimmer under the surface of the tundra. A spherical UFO erupts from the subterranean to assist the soldier and begins bombarding the relentless boars, saving the big boy's life. The dream ends.

1: A journey of mine to move an unwieldy piece of furniture using buses. I pass up the opportunity to bag it in plastic for cleanliness. I regret my decision upon seeing someone else with a plastic bag, so I borrow his while he has only one left. It goes to show that he was concealing another bag and didn't mind too much, but I felt owed to him just the same.

10/18/2025

1: a city dream, where im moving my computer and other important things from a ghetto of judgemental people to a sanctuary similar to my grandmothers house. The 2nd trip we run into a tank on a road that is being held by the military. We crash into a tank and the personnel don't give a shit.

2: A loop dream, we were seals. I passed up the chance to kiss her in search of food on the ice pack. The ice pack turns into a glacier complex where a polar bear lives. We outwit the polar bear and turn into people and escape the island on a yacht. The dream loops. We are seal. I kiss my love where we spawn on the ice pack. We turn into people. I clean dirty cups with the ice. A polar bear approaches from the water. I notify my lover and we find that it's a youngster, but escape into the glacier. The glacier turns into a hotel of sorts. I spit out the ice and it turns into gum. I show compassion for the polar as he stalks us and tell him the gum is dangerous to eat as it clog in his body. The polar bear becomes our unsolicited companion. He eventually turns into a golden retriever, then into a bum person. He rides the loop yacht we take and tells us that he's from town. I envision his struggles and how he has to take ferries instead of riding speedboats. He tells us how easy we have it to not have to deal with single point transportation such as the ferries to the

islands. We see through his words that the hometown is very impoverished, and I see the church that gives food on Saturday, reminding me of today’s task.

10/24 dream

2. A woman is stalked by a gang of agents who look like the cast from Pulp Fiction, she hates the main character, who looks like bruce willis. They are Former lovers (from childhood) fighting on the altar of an observatory. The soothing music does not change. As he calms her down, she sees the boy she fell in love with (a chubby, ginger haired boy) as he approaches for a kiss. 3My rhumba talks to me with a childlike voice saying “bug bug”

10/25/2025

Black humans and sentients working together in a slave mining camp. The people were shaved, and the robots were made to look bald. Their face structures resembled that of the robot that assisted WALL-E. One robot was large and hefty, and the other was small and child-like (the body of a pygmy or a 4 year old). The humans resembled the proportions of the robots, with the larger man who looked herculean. His legs were one class lower than the muscle build of his torso. I observed the four of them out of context. The prisoners had been forming cliques together and were ending their shift sometime during 11am or 2pm lighting. The pygmy robot approached their mirror human, bumping into them out of a desperate attempt to get their attention and a confrontation started. The two black men simply wanted to be lovers, and end their day without heeding the important things and stay to their group. The robot wanted to climb one of the poles that ascended into the sky, attached to a colossal platform that ascended into the troposphere. It was so high and encompassing that it’s image blurred along the upper atmosphere and forced the solar skyline into view as it distorted the natural light of the planet. Many other poles connected the platform to the planet. The robot did most of the work, carrying the pygmy man up the pole. The robot still needed the human, for precognition. He received a brief image of the overseer, who looked like Cecil from Invincible. The man was as tall as a giant pharaoh statue and was covered in an orange gel. He sat on a throne and was surrounded by mechanical orbs. He was obviously observing the escape attempt of the two, and cackled from a request made of him to kill the escapees. “Hah hah hah hah! Of course you should kill them!”. The robot witnessed the pair’s deaths through a hyper beam or thermal lance. The beam was orange or red on its borders, with white hot energy in the center. The robot pygmy then used the perception to change the current outcome of

the present, by initiating a plan he had developed with a girl. A second vision came to him about a girl empowered to manipulate mechanical rings (or gateways) with an aura. The rings looked like white and orange colored purifier structures from Starcraft 2 or Precursors from Halo 4. The girl was able to float in one of the gateways and setup a mecha-haven for herself in the highest atmosphere to allow her to gaze at the sun. The vision retreats from girls haven to the East at 35 lateral, 50 longitudinal and shows a series of faces. It's of the black men, they have afros now. The afros are linked to their auras. Background sound soon reveals the intention of the images. The robots, the two in particular seek to be black men with afros. Their bodies are also restored to their highest potential, from frail beings or inept brains to wholeness of body and mind. The dream ends as they keep on climbing the pole.

1: I'm Markiplier, and I look down on a 4-10 year old child on the other side of a fence. I'm making humorous jokes and accidentally make a sexual one. I verbally backtrack as I attempt to amend the mistake.

10/25/2025

Fighting the Locust as soldiers equipped like Gears of War. I say equipped due to the acathectic alone, but our gear shows like an MMO, and I carry various purple items in an inventory identical to one. *I retreat* and push forwards towards the various weapons of the enemy. The song playing through the dream is Racing to Extinction. The battlefield is a street lit orange by fire with a low section where a streetside generator used to be. I fight in this area. I kill Locusts with ruthless efficiency until I recognize and pull back from a Grinder. This large enemy is supposed to use a heavy machine gun, but the fight is chaotic enough that I'm unaware of its weapon. The grinder fortunately needs to be in close quarters to use it. I kite the foe through the generator section's alley and end its life by throwing 2 magnetic sticky grenades in my escape, and returning with a flamethrower – a common bane to most heavy support. I briefly set it on fire near the highly combusting remains of the generator and retreat in case of an explosion. For killing the foe I'm rewarded with a Razorcoral, a famous trinket from WoW. I return to an ally Gear warrior, who tells me he's had six emblems capable of calling in support and he has just used one for me. Only in the most dire situations should I call upon him to use the 5 others for help.

10/26/2025

I take visits to risky places. One such visit was to a remote area where pygmy bears reside near cactuses. An enemy of mine wants me dead, and monologues before baiting the bears to be loosened upon me. Most of the bears are animalistic and do not care, except for a particular enraged one, whom I outmaneuver, but am not able to harm. I am not equipped for this fight and he tracks me home. I underestimate him constantly, and fail to seal the way into the home with a sewer plate. We continue the fight in the house and he isn't able to harm me so instead he ruthlessly uses my girlfriend as a petty target to damage. She takes seemingly horrific damage but has a strange quality to her body that is elastic. I'm reminded that my stiff attacks cannot overpower the bear, but perhaps it was a wrong approach to fighting the creature. I wake up.

10/27/2025

Dreamt of a base under siege multiple times by a zombie swarm. I was in charge of defending a corridor with five heroes against innumerable odds. There were other players holding their lines, criticizing my inept ability to play this game that they seemingly have seen others succeed in many times before. It was the equivalent to being gray in a game of tower defense. Eventually I'm able to adapt and maneuver around the forces of darkness barely, utilizing the towers of the base to my benefit. I learned the community of the base camp. In other sessions players would take control of others using the powerful heroes I was currently using to prank each other. Towards the end of the conflict, I was stabbed in the neck by a pygmy zombie. The dream shifts and shows that I survived and was drinking with the base commander, who was relating to me with his own injury due to one of the pranks, and how he made a mockery of his assailant by turning him or a similar looking person like him, into an abomination (very similar looking to the body structure of a SC2 aberration, but the aesthetic of a horror from the game: the Forest).

10/29

My love and I split up in a dungeon, she's with 3 companions, and the set up for the team is similar to blue protocol in aesthetic and organization. We're in a Repo game dungeon, I ascended while they descended, and I was the captain, giving out orders in comms while I did my part alone. I failed to kill a miniboss bandit lord in time and then the dream ended.

10/30/2025

A dream at my mother’s house. It was a very similar setup to the hodler drive house. I was more involved with the family, but in a particular case I broke their boundaries by cooking for myself. Greg loomed over a pan of chicken and quesadillas I was cooking, and they were cooking with a blue substance (likely dish soap). I was unaware of how the blue liquid got in there. As I nearly ended the process he remarked “I don’t want whatever drugs you’re making”. I gave in to anger and talked shit back “You don’t care about drugs, given who you’ve married”

10/31/2025

Juan = Brittany

Gloria = Diane

Calling me a nigger in the new way, in the new world

They’re scared of me

They are liars and animals

11/3/2025

Daydreamt into a series of decisions, where I resist the modern notions of time and clash with the most fanatic adherents of it. The key to this dream lies within the wrinkles on an elephant’s back foot. The daydreaming transitions to a dungeon group setting, where I influence the battlefield despite my menial failures that I become enraged over. I take two forms of a sylvanas looking archer and have the ability to metamorphosize into a red illidan. We fight a spider boss where I put my skills to the test and I die once, resurrected by the healer. I channel my frustration into acting against my opponent and this is where I turn into Illidan. I specifically play the momentum style of that his class.

11/14/2025

I get a dream about the plaguelands in WoW. The shadows of my failures from that game come in many forms here. They capitalize on my ill preparedness and conflict with others that seek to dupe me by word. Little do they know that my own ability was key in getting me here, and that I need to heed no words from some paltry naysayers. It would be doubt, (as always) to bring about my reckoning. My inability to seize the moment is because of doubt, often brought to me by others who may seem like they’re helping.

For this particular dream, let me remind you that following lies was my gameplan. I believed in causes for the means and not the ends. I regurgitated agitating doctrines made by double speakers and others who were obsessed.

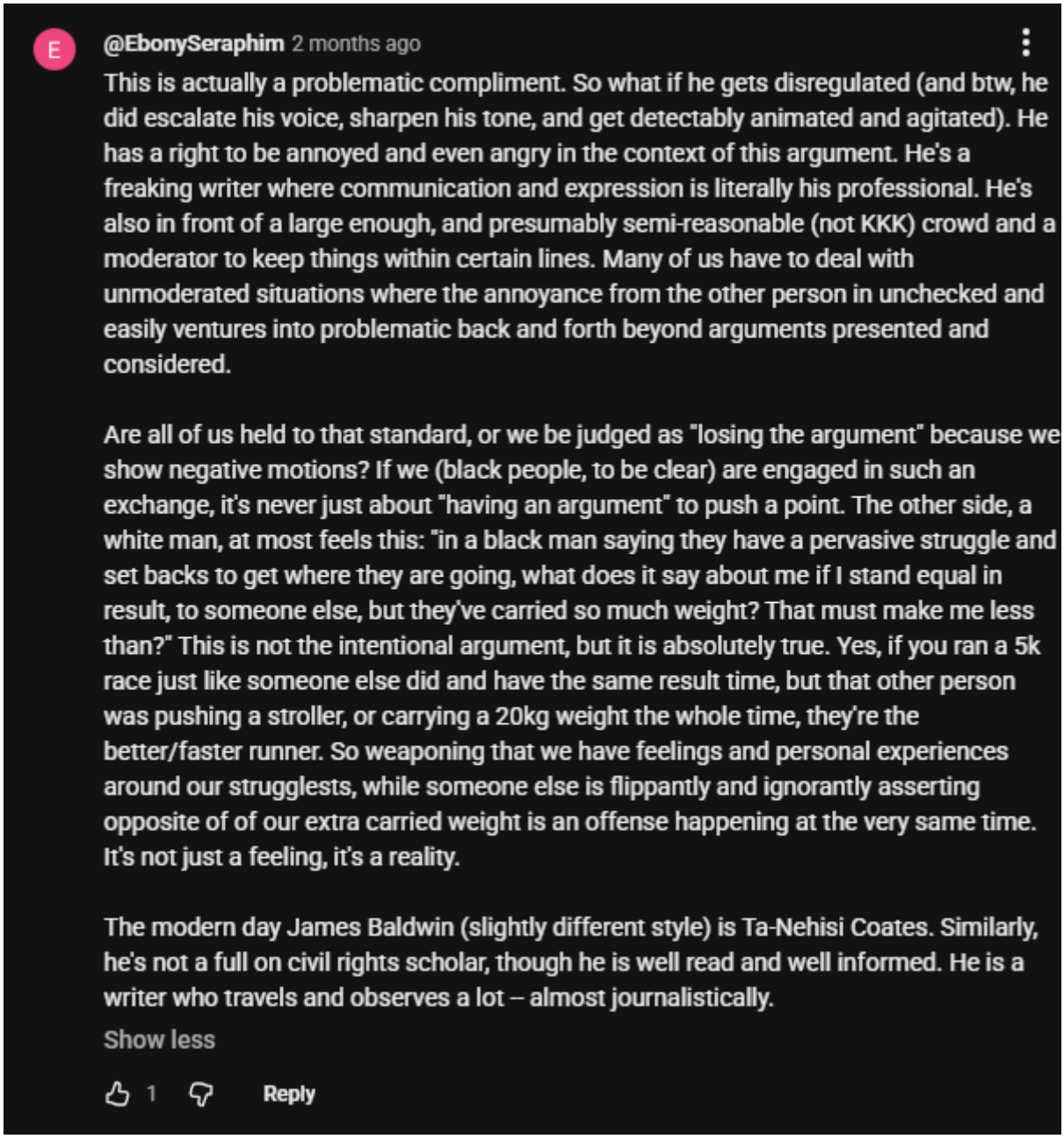
11/14/2025 Dreamt of me giving a sentient groundhog an old collar of Bullet’s in preparation to walk him. The house I lived in felt of familiarity as if my family had lived here for a long time.

11/15/2025

I am given an answer as to what hell truly is.

11/21/2025

A second dream, my friends and I are hunted by xenomorphs. I die once, and then devise a plan to hide far. The aliens concentrate their efforts on finding me. In my uncooperative, selfish plan I draw most of them away from the survivors of the second round. (This reminds me of the current void ray strategy made popular by the new protoss buffs. To my enemies, I would be the closest scouting overlord). The area I hide in reminds me of a theatre hall, and I do enter a home theatre room. In the place I circle a cart to obstruct his view. He sniffs me out and I juke him, baiting him left and then dashing to escape right. There are other rooms I see as I move up the hall’s upward winding corridor. They make this place seem like a home more than a commercial estate. I hide in a bathroom and then make an error in my clutch to hide in an unstable blanket pile. I quickly conceal myself in a pile, attempting to secure an unsteady excess of blanket. They shake in line of sight of the pursuer and he attacks the corner of the wall. I did not consider that perhaps he did not find me, and in fear of being pinned down I make a rough escape, not making it far as it’s able to shoot my back. I die but my spirit makes haste, noting a maze of hell with many creatures stalking the corridors. Carnotaurus in numbers join the xenomorph hunt as black corrupted variants. My spirit takes me to the escape center and I’m amazed it’s unguarded. A number of other survivors join me such as doctors, the Halo sergeant major, and some others we are able to escape together.


E
@EbonySeraphim 2 months ago
This is actually a problematic compliment. So what if he gets disregulated (and btw, he did escalate his voice, sharpen his tone, and get detectably animated and agitated). He has a right to be annoyed and even angry in the context of this argument. He's a freaking writer where communication and expression is literally his professional. He's also in front of a large enough, and presumably semi-reasonable (not KKK) crowd and a moderator to keep things within certain lines. Many of us have to deal with unmoderated situations where the annoyance from the other person in unchecked and easily ventures into problematic back and forth beyond arguments presented and considered.
Are all of us held to that standard, or we be judged as "losing the argument" because we show negative motions? If we (black people, to be clear) are engaged in such an exchange, it's never just about "having an argument" to push a point. The other side, a white man, at most feels this: "in a black man saying they have a pervasive struggle and set backs to get where they are going, what does it say about me if I stand equal in result, to someone else, but they've carried so much weight? That must make me less than?" This is not the intentional argument, but it is absolutely true. Yes, if you ran a 5k race just like someone else did and have the same result time, but that other person was pushing a stroller, or carrying a 20kg weight the whole time, they're the better/faster runner. So weaponing that we have feelings and personal experiences around our strugglests, while someone else is flippantly and ignorantly asserting opposite of of our extra carried weight is an offense happening at the very same time. It's not just a feeling, it's a reality.
The modern day James Baldwin (slightly different style) is Ta-Nehisi Coates. Similarly, he's not a full on civil rights scholar, though he is well read and well informed. He is a writer who travels and observes a lot – almost journalistically.
Show less
1
Reply

11/25/2025

As December closes in, my first date to draft this book draws close. Through trials and tribulations, this book has proven to be a menace to my microscopic objective that those in power deem to place me in. The result is that I’m a rebel, attempting to appeal to an ever picky organism that I recognize as society. In the words of James Baldwin, “to turn my back in this society means that I may die” and this wording resonates with me. Perhaps it’s me accepting my fate in this world to be perpetually rejected by men and women alike, where ever I go. My realization that I am hated, hunted, and

constantly investigated led me to my most daring accomplishments. This is because in that mindset, I reject the social game: the attention economy. Using the energy that others give me in their pursuit of what they feel to be a wrongdoer, I can exorcise the will to do whatever I see fit. My ambitions have not failed me, only I do them. This is the privilege that I have as a man.

Date Log 2:

8:30am = 4:30pm, other attributes unknown. Intuitively think 11/05.

11/27/2025

Puppies,

The snow town in the Bennett ocean seal dream, during a great traffic. We move out of town, as it rains red.

The great sewer line into the penthouse where we lived.

The three puppies with the head of the entourage being a mass murderer of those entering and living in the apartment

11/28

Dreamt of myself being a store manager working for a corrupt agent who looked like the virtue signaling guy from FBI. At first I lived in fear of a monster, putting people in front of me to act as meat shields for it’s reckless wrath. I used the stores as cover and made a goose chase for the assailant as I hopped between stores. As closing time came around I kept walking around each of the businesses that were all fast food joints, all controlled by myself and the agent; the individuals doing dirty business. All day I attempted to avoid the monster, and made a good effort but my cowardice was insufficient in making it out of work. I was unsure if I had removed or doctored the security feed and my assistant in adjusting the cameras was unheard from as customers began complaining that the food was taking too long, as some stores shared the same workers. It turns out that the agent was the monster, and once he found me he gave me mandatory overtime under the threat of death and told me to hide a large sum of money in a small safe. The safe’s key looked like my house key exactly as the ominous air enveloped me. bj

11/29/2025

Treehouse with campos family

Someone gets held hostage by knifepoint

I kill the assailant by infiltrating their expectations/trust and casually kill them with such ease that it looked unnecessary.

11/30/2025

Dreamt of my young self, yearning to share my life and failing at persuading people to enjoy what I found passion in. The flaw was that
I wanted to keep the people I have known as friends, and not move on. Dreamt of my sister taking up running and finding new energy in her life. I dreamt of the old house again. I saw a transition of the dream and entered another ruined world that was built like a Cortex map. I played as if it was cortex, and received criticism for my design. I fumbled my improvements so I was helped at although it annoyed me I accepted the assistance. It was good to be surrounded by people like that. The world had 2 kinds of people, those that wanted to kill the fiends who roamed the world and those that didn't. The intellectuals knew that the fiends were neutral, but the other side had nothing but disdain for them and wanted to kill all of them. A yellow marine was one of these people, and wanted to rack up as many of their dead as possible, joking that a bomb could net him many kills at once. I assisted his joke in saying that anyone could kill many of them by causing mass destruction, racking up to billions of deaths at once. The dream was reminiscent of the coalescing bloodthirst my friends have for each side that represents their enemies.

12/2/25

A dream about using bus routes to move in a city which adopts the same fashion as a previous iteration of my home town. I hear some hoodlums mock a security officer with obnoxious chatter as they test the boundaries on where they get into trouble. The security guard looms over them but they don't feel any pressure to stop their behavior.

I'm managing a project to excavate a base under the ocean's surface. My project is disrupted and must be abandoned in favor of a new location. Months of work have been wasted until I'm able to utilize the abandoned base to gain quick access to a cache of resources, as if this was being played like Ark.

12/4

Using zerg and dinosaurs to fight demons and undead

Setting up a fight, but the player disconnects and I run him down, but the bystanders watch him anyway and accept the disconnect as a loss, so they watch the player 1, who plays Jackie chan run a series of combo moves to show off special secret fatalities to appease the crowd.

Items are intercepted from an amazon train and the police observe call it a stakeout /spriteout.

I tag along rival gangs of ruffians fighting over the goods. I'm with a gang who robs the robbers and I collect most of the goods with a flanking technique that I learned from league. I collect 4 boxes of very useful items but I see a problem with the winner takes all mentality that. My friend who looks like martin advises me to lower my morals in order to take "exactly what I need".

I see the police catch up and apprehend the original robbers. They are neutral with me and don't arrest me. I see a guy in a British style police garment with twitch.tv/ra(something) streaming the police's perspective. I see a man who looks like Simon, writing a paper about how investing money to the stock market has become a mandatory fee on the level of healthcare. I also see a detective and an old woman sit down with me as they are perplexed with my presence there, something about me grants immunity from a prosecution.

I attempt to explain how she can see what happened on twitch, but they don't relate and say they are old and don't understand. All the while, I'm mesmerized by a large baby that eats grubs. It has fully developed teeth and a tongue without a flexible frenulum so it stays glued to the bottom of the mouth. The baby is voracious enough to almost eat the hand of the old lady that feeds him or her.

The dream fast forwards to a resort for thrillseekers, who are in possession of flying ATVs flying near a house in a hill. The wings grant the atvs a safe landing as the elderly of the nearby house watch the hustle and bustle of people having fun, in particular, a man in a conifer colored bathrobe that looks like Ron. The sanctity is interrupted by a 'true bill' stork looking creature, who many people mistake the identity of and keep calling it a horn bill. The true bill is chasing people with a mouth that is at least 4 feet long. It doesn't intend to kill, but appears to be chasing for sport. The dream ends with the stork harassing the man in the robe, forcing him to swim in a nearby pool.

12/6/2025

Hood dream

Lost potential was the theme. I was the son of a proud gangster, but I lived as a reject and turned down an opportunity to become an airforce pilot. Now I host parties and allow my money to be extorted. A fight happens at the end of the party and I call in another gang to come in and chill at the house. One of the elder members walks in with a henchman of his rival elder. He convinces me to act now, using both my untold yearning to prove my worth and my father's reputation as bait "Your father would have never let this happen to him". I kill his rival's man in front of him. He then convinces me to follow up to murder his sister who's at the party. I go to a shed looking room full of dangerous tools and weapons, and prepare a chainsaw. The elder convinces me to kill everyone around me, so I set up a trap and trap someone in a cat arm. It's here that the elder rigs my chainsaw and causes it to explode, killing me instantly. He makes his escape with plan completed.

Idea

In blue protocol, there is a hidden mechanic to every fight, called the initial point of attack. This indicates the specific point in many attach points where a boss is hit first in that spot, and responds accordingly. Apply this to real life and it's like countering someone's skewed view of reality. By hiding opposing forces behind a curtain of their assumption (say they believe all corporations are evil) you can use a trojan horse against this person by posing as an organization that slanders corporations and stands for the people. The circumstances of life make these things more complex than the assumption entails. Whether it's closer to a deceitful organization, or an abusive corporate body you must recognize the patterns by which someone cannot look past. For example, if they can't accept that people are not metasensory enough to understand that the unseen affects decision making for practical things, they won't be able to look past small, insignificant things that bar the ways to discovery. Fickle people who are overtly concerned with the matters of money fit into this category in my opinion. I harken back to the attack points on a monster, and in this case it would expose a weakness.

12/7/2025

I dreamt of a large theatre of war, similar to a dream before. There a tall pale, blonde man who was considered king, god and man. 2 or 3 women were seen with him taking center stage with a vicious appetite for acquiring

gravitas. A great war threatens the kingdom as the people have become miserable.

I then dreamt of a library where I lingered to return, or seek guidance about a book related to a native American shopkeeper. I had a feeling that he would explain the book, but a group of intervening people, very similar in physical features to the king and 2 of his women. They sat down near my belongings and I ignored most of their nonverbal signals, though they seemed to be nonverbally aggressive, and would instead vie to tiptoe in words around aggressive topics as they got in my personal space. I did not mind, and in fact I learned from them by listening between their sentences that the Native American shopkeeper did not often go to his shop and was closed very often. I weighed in the possibility that they were right, but still kept to myself. Perhaps a normal human being would have related and stated they were looking for him as well. As I moved on the dream shifted. It went to a League game at first, where I left mid game and pissed off this group of friends I was getting to know. One of them held a grudge because I left and held me in bad sights while an Australian accented friend still recognized my worth and enjoyed my company. I moved on through the dream into a Blue Protocol like setting. A team of people were prepping to kill a boss, but an issue got in their way and so they asked saved people to leave. The aussie regret his call when I left instantly in response and dmed that I could come back and that I was still cool with him. I chose what to me seemed the most straightforward option, but saw that the raid was in combat with trash while I was ported to an area further than them as if I found or was privileged to find a skip. The dream abruptly ends there.

12/9/25

A group of people fleeing a supposed serial killer, who’s taken an interest In their team. They eventually take a flight through freezing airspace and land on a tropical island, where the pursuer meets with his own people. During the cold flight, one of the team is able to head outside and repair the plane, her blood volume is low and she has to deal with the stress of balancing her life for duty’s sake. On the way back from repairing the plane, she encounters the pursuer, who hitched a ride on the back of the plan, withstanding the impossible weather and being caked in snow and ice.

I have another dream of joking with friends, but the joke fall apart due to inconveniences, so I look rather autistic when I follow my friends to try and make them laugh. In this dream I find that I can transform into a predatory whale, but to get access to things I need I must make ventures inland. I

receive a gift to my zip code and make an error in the bus trip there, and unwittingly find myself in the desert, deciding whether to head off the bus or stay and experience the full route, the dream transitions before I can clearly make the choice.

12/11/25

Dreamt of my old friends having a good time in the Mizu basement. I had a strange perspective that observed as if I was watching through the walls.

I dreamt of a starcraft game, where a terran who had owed me money was getting his attention torn apart by a zerg of equal match to him. They were stockpiling many resources, particularly at 12500 minerals and 7500 gas, but I was mostly interested in the gas amount and saw it reasonable to be owed 5000. Of course with his demeanor, he would never give it to me willingly, and he chose to cheat against the zerg. I used my power in the dream to hang the giant firebat he spawned in by the legs and moon it. The disabled unit sent the terran into a panic and he sent his army in desperation to try and defend his pride. He traded well on paper, but we all know that an even trade is a bad one for the defender.

12/12/25

FF7 OWA Theme, missing out on Friday and

12/13/25

Turkey being Derivitive of kingye or kingshe sending turkey to tame a ruthless land of dinosaurs

12/14/25

The gut, cashier tells me

12/14/25

Dreamt of fighting, then joining assassins while corruption grew more evident in the city and wrongdoers were often sought out and hunted down. Such was the case of an individual who was hunting a person that looked like Fizz. The Fizz looking character had a made barrier that was impenetrable to the specific assassin, but when they convinced them to seek out a

threatened family member that wasn’t there their will broke and they traversed the barrier into the threat themselves to confront the killer.

12/15/25

3: Dreamt of a brave individual arguing before a congress that the government is becoming an order of hellish fashion. Like how James Baldwin pushed forwards the idea of morphing a system that does not want to be changed and promotes ignorance, this person was bringing to the front lines the idea that most opportunities are denied based on his reality.

1: I remember another dream of a war of invasion by vicious creatures that corrupted everything around them with shadow. They were of great diversity, singing jovially as they slaughtered those who held an old temple with a pathetic resistance. As the temple was overrun I took the point of view on the ground. My objective was the same, which was to find a key to the inner working o the temple, but I changed, and an old friend from WoW was there. My infamous friend looked at these ruins and found that this was an old mall, with relics of shampoo from 2012 and 2013, I thought I heard him say it was 15 years ago, contributing to my latest feeling about the true inconsistency of time. (If that were true, what matters is that I keep my vitality for the good of the earth, rather than for the markings of false worship)

2: The 2nd dream was with a group of 4 friends who were woman, and while investigating the ruins people had come to populate it and the place became a restaurant hotel hybrid. There was an uneasiness as the women scattered to mingle, and quickly there became a hunt for them by an unseen cloaked predator. They were too dispersed to protect them all.

12/16/2025

Dreamt of joining a small group of friends, where I found I felt a familiar presence in Ariana as her family guarded her. The house was built next to a soccer field, upon which they played an arena for an mmo. The primary caretaker of the house, an uncle looking man was generous and took the mmo very seriously, giving me loot to motivate me to stay. As I introduced myself with such confidence that people reached out, beginning to refine my appearance, the presence of Ariana arrived in the form of the Twilight Princess in child form. I sensed something was wrong with her, but I chalked it up to people being mostly concerned with happiness in this ruined world rather competence. The team too had this equivalent energy until one of the members in particular showed up as the muku chief. This person had a sour attitude and sabotaged the next fight over the ‘grenade trinket’ that the

uncle had given me. We struggled and persevered despite his antagonizing and found great irony that four pieces of gear dropped that were perfection for him. I then discovered this acute situation and recognized that this game was extremely similar to a simplified version of WoW.

12/17/25

I have been given what I've asked for. Most of the things that I do are questionable and unnerving for people who cling to the good faith of the false society. They yearn to make me care about the insignificant things to control my attention. These are my adversaries, twisted in this game of things in a long struggle for control.

12/18/25

I had a dream of a battle, where I was defending a small point that was besieged by creatures of hatred. I cursed a metal beast and it's entire life force was drained.

I've also grown an interest in continuing my story. Many things have suddenly become boring, and maintaining my discipline in the face of the conformist forces has grown an ire within has become a necessity. My pledge to pursue the true meaning of my reality furthers as I adapt to the coming changes. The assaults upon my person to illegitimize control over my life have dealt a blow to my confidence. Most advice points towards forgetting the past and attempting new connections

12/19/25

I dreamt of the Bennett family moving back to their house on the mountain, the hodler house. It was very comfortable living there and I did indeed move in. However I was quickly chased by demonic forces that I was fearful of. From the role of my mother I chased my child out of the house and stayed to hold back the menace. They held me down with an unseen force and I fought to break free. What I feared was intrusion into my house while I was held down, to once again lose valuable things that I was responsible for. I screamed Kyo's name in my head as a desperate gamble to be released, and it nearly worked, I could feel that it would have only taken a little more will to break the curse of paralysis placed upon me. I woke up quickly after calling Kyo's name, as if the veil lifted and took me from the dream.

12/19/25

A genuinely normal looking day of arriving at a school, some sort of community college. From the bus, I use an e bike shopping cart to get to school, and it was discardable enough to leave in the parking lot that marked the address of the school on gps. On the way there somebody was boasting about how their brother worked at this large company nearby, but when I asked if there were any job opportunities there they just looked at me and gave me a weird look.

I looked around in confusion to find the school entrance, and discovered that I was one, late- at 12:57 pm and I still needed to find one of my six teachers. I arrived at the school from the staff entrance and entered the math teachers building, and school was being organized with people announcing obvious details, like that the math classes were the first sessions of the day. I looked at my schedule and noted that I was posted in a geometry class under a Mr. Schoner. I lingered in the hall and took 2 looks at his room until I figured out that the missing seat was likely mine.

While I was looking, he was handling misfits, and ordering them using his strict military background. I recognized a ruffian from a long time ago protest by kicking a fish tank full of water, breaking it. He was then ordered to move to the opposite end of the classroom while Mr. Schoner harassed another student who had experience in the navy. He wore his green uniform to school and stuck out like a sore thumb.

When this instructor started his session, he told us to write down details I easily forgot. I didn’t have my notebook with me, so I quickly improvised and took a pen and paper that were remaining in my bag. I felt the attention of the teacher briefly before the scene changed the small classroom into an environment filled with hills of snow and tree covered mountain.

Mr Schoner was overjoyed to be here and announced that this was no mere math class, but a self defense class, to defend against the dark arts. First the teacher ordered the class to erect a barrier of blackish blue fire. I did not enter this barrier in time and was left out to fend for myself. I thought quickly as my classmates looked outside in horror at a large, menacing looking snowman. The urgency of the teacher implied that it was dangerous, not to mind it’s size. To get in the spell, I dug a tunnel and discovered that another kid had been left out of the spell. I quickly told him to hide in the tunnel with me. When the snowman arrived he struck at the barrier of blue fire, but I saw him turn towards us and made a judgement call to shout that it had noticed us. Upon that very callout the whole barrier dispersed. The kid behind me

turned into an elder man and assisted Mr. Schoner in fending off the snowman from the students.

They killed the snowman with spells that looked like chi movement, grappling it to death. Mr. Schoner was to greet his friend when some subterranean threat dragged him across the snow as if he was some sort of magnet. As the old man was being dragged he slid up a wall and the illusion of the snow hills was broken, with another snow serpent detected circling around the room choosing its next target. Mr. Schoner cast the first worm out of hiding by pulling it telekinetically from from the veil that it was hiding under.

He and the elder were able to kill the first worm, but the second worm was morphing into something different. Depleted of energy, Mr. Schoner heaved for breath on all fours, and then decided to unveil his secret, which announced itself through whispers. The whispers told of a dark urge, that he and this elder were both lovers and soulmates and their spirits took the form of two wolves made of burning trees, Schoner's was a black-orange while the elder was a blue-silver. He gave in to his animal form, the whispers admitting their bond to everyone in the room. He mustered enough strength to transform and attack the serpent, which had molted into a larger form of itself. The dream ends as he triumphs and kills the serpent.

12/22/25

It's not that I don't say I'm wrong or my bad, it's that people want me to act it out. "Sorry's not good enough" So, you want me to grovel. Maybe in the slave days, but I'd like to exercise my rights here. I decline that line of thinking to fake anything under the sway of authority alone.

12/27/25

I dreamt of creating a custom campaign with the help of boinks.

12/27/25

Dreamt of a shopping mall, and me getting lost trying to find a way out.

To accommodate the suspicion that I left a store without buying something (compounded with my appearance I found a deal for some twizzlers I bought on another occasion, but the cashier explained that the deal was only for one day,. The label was upside down and only in the fine print was it explained that the date eligible was for one day. It turns out that enabling this suspicious behavior by interacting with the bad actors increases the chance

for situations such as these. Learn to disable the arbitrators of deceit by trusting yourself alone when you find yourself among them.

12/28/25

A beautiful, benevolent owner sees a smart individual that can't seem to get a break from his environment. She's brunette and he's blonde with the "loser" look about him, who also looks like Jesse Plemons. Over time, she gets to know him and he's able to play his sarcasm to charm her into giving him a position into a company she owns, a perfect example of opportunity "You know I already have a job, you know how much work *I* put into it? 3 minutes." "That's enough for me, :)". The effort he puts in compels him to work and focus on what is meaningful to him, while celebrities shout on TV "God and Free Will" crashing out towards the audience.

A dream about another apocalypse, this time a group of sentient animal titans surround me (an albino ferret, a dragon crocodile, a group of fungal birds operating as one) as I try to move computer belongings from one home to another. They easily kill everyone that attempts lies with them, and some of my peripherals get destroyed as the animals carry themselves with a childlike attitude, damaging everything fragile. People are kill so swiftly that freshly cooked meals are strewn about in every home I scavenge in, the animals seem to not have an appetite for energy, but for violence.

12/30/25

Dreamt of playing rts games of multiple genres and caliber, warcraft 3 against grubby, starcraft 2 against winter. I also saw some strange clash where modern weapons were balanced against medieval weaponry, or rather, the medieval weapons were used as mockery of the enemy.]

Dreamt of accompanying Sean once again through a raid where he lead and capitalized on his leadership to absorb some reborn ICC loot. The fights were reminiscent and I was felled by my usual flaw of not noticing my surroundings.

Dreamt of a dog running around the old campos house. This took place at a time similar to the 2nd dream, where I was unavailable and absent from my grandmother's life. She loved the new little dog until it killed for an unknown reason. She told me she had to bury the dog herself under a symbol of Jormungandr with a mammoth idol on its head, and blamed my absence as part of the reason for the dog's death just like my cousin and didn't realize

that I had used the money that my most successful sibling gave me as a handout to buy another dog.

Lately I've been at odds with the traumatic memories of people who've held some sort of spite for me. This would including EVERY single person of authority in my life. It is as if i'm a teenager, as if the throngs of expert opinions on my man childhood have always been correct. But there is something wrong, I can clearly see the faults in their logic, all of them. They are not right, their position as jockeys in the rat race define them, but to succeed against them feels it's for naught. It's like trying to solve the puzzle of a Russian doll, where closing the eyes of one unveils the other, or wrestling with a hydra where the heads seem innumerable. Phrases like retardedly efficient being thrown around, and failure being a norm despite my best efforts. If I just smiled, pleaded with, and touched people more then these problems would all go away.

It seems very simple, and there is that phrase "Keep is simple, stupid" But then again there is the curse of displacement. Many years ago I was hounded by WoW veterans criticizing how I played. I didn't regard anyone but myself and it showed when I saw how inexperienced I was in working with others. When I listened to others, I fell even harder. When I made callouts, and paid attention to the hardships of other people I would often make things worse for myself. Being a team player was often one of the worst things I could do, as it seemed to reward me with more work, as if my efforts were insufficient. It's like a giant, making a heavy lift that would strain lighter men seem easy. The men would put him through a disproportionate amount of tasks and would like nothing more than to see him strain as well. The giant was not built for emotions however, and his curse would have been that he does not show off his suffering well. I see the same things happening in WoW and life now, where the goal becomes seeing the opponent strain. The perpetrators try to lie, cheat and steal. Their goal is to drive you to sink as low as them. When you do you satisfy them, and they have a good fill of vanity seasoned with the taste of you. These opponents are of all creeds and come in many shapes and sizes. Perhaps you can make use of the mmo survival skills and put them to use in the world. In WoW, a simple primitive consideration became grounds upon which I made my legend, to consider players as a part of the environment. This is especially true of a deadly one, like a jungle. And so it is here in this jungle of a city that I make my choice to stand on these grounds of perceiving reality. It's a place stored in memory that has not been appreciated up until this point. Let us make use of all that we've learned to press on ahead, I know that the focus still lives on inside of you.

Manuever warfare versus Entrenchment: How to fortify oneself against opposing elements.

12/31/25

I've reflected on all that I've written. There's some pretty crazy shit in there, heinous to the leering eye no doubt. I take this as a learning process, for I live and die in heart and mind like a wave's crest. I don't mind the cacophony that any meddler's demand I give credence to. I like my time alone and my solace is often interrupted, which makes it all the more valuable. It's time to focus on the future and that's the beauty of this creation. If the whole is greater than the sum of the parts than as long as the creature I desire to be has been made, then these memories can be relegated to darkness. I can feel free to enjoy the goodness in every person to the utmost degree, and at the same time I can spite the person who seems too eager to touch me.

1/1/2026

I awoke around 15 minutes after the new year, completely forgetting it's oncoming arrival. This occurred for perhaps the first time in my memorable life.

The dream I was waking from was about an unknown youtuber (male, typical of a guy with a 2020 setup) displaying a top 100 countdown of his creatures of preference in Ark, and him failing to find a good use for one of the last ones, a small Liopleurodon role type of creature.

Today marks the new the year. As I have said, proximity allows for a fresh mind and a new chance given to those who've wronged me. The mission remains the same, and the purpose cannot be achieved without vigilance. I must find myself at odds with as few things as possible until I deem it necessary to begin fulfilling what I believe to be a suitable purpose. I hear myself now speaking in a sort of automaton based heretical nature. I assure you there is some yearning to accomplish that my body is aware of. It's a rejection of the flamboyant, advertised ways one could contribute to life. Something so vague it shows to the unscrupulous mind a life of vanity, sloth, and pain. To me it is like delving into an unexplored dungeon. A place where one uncovers manuscripts tucked under world enveloping rugs crafted by few for the many. Such examples of artifacts are forgotten as if their value was unappreciated and never acquired. But products like these do not get destroyed, they are kept and locked away to disintegrate rather than freely given. The means to make use of them consisting of a span of 15 years, as those obsessed with value deems them unnecessary to serve as a bridge to

a that gap a certain kingdom of clouds would leave behind like a trail. VHS, CRT, Disk. Almost all have as short of lifespans as cars.

I wonder what gets me into these sudden ramblings, as a common mind would often like to call unsavory. I am no physicist, chemist, or doctor. What use may these questions and perceptions be without the prestigious path to prove myself amongst a grand hall of intellectuals that certifies after intentional meddling. Could it be possible to teach myself in a similar fashion with the tool that sits right here in front of me?

1/1/26

An impending sense of death as a woman in a dream, as if it was a serial killing. The killer would distract with associations and threats, the mechanical jockeying for precise positions made it feel like league ARAM. I was threatened by either a bear or a blade. It became apparent that the threat was a bear, but only at the last moment before attack. It outmaneuvered me and cornered me, but it could not get through an unseen barrier. This barrier was either there, or erected when I put myself under a golden hue of invulnerability, the spell was simple as if it was nothing but a declaration: “I’m invulnerable”. I wonder how long ago my metasensory approach to danger in dreams became a habit of mine. It used to be that I had lucid dreams and I could control events, but now the events are often thrilling and threatening until the threat becomes so great that it requires decisive action that feels cheap to use, but is well within my power to do so.

There was not much more to the dream besides living in a similar environment to my grandmother’s trailer home. I felt impoverished but that was of little concern compared to the wonder and dread. I experienced the same paralysis as if waking up to an apparition, as if I had experienced something real.

I’m still being assailed by ghosts of the past, but I’m determined to live on in this way I’ve chosen. The best way I can describe it is as an educated black man perhaps three generations back. It’s my reality that people don’t take me seriously, and there are few that do. I have to be so on point, and sophisticated about a subject to hold my own. Legions of people seem to rise up silently demanding that I play ball with them, but I’ve played it and it doesn’t appeal to me. It’s even hard to keep the façade maintained with my friends. My rule with them is to never take the banter seriously, and to invoke passion for the slander, and that is the closest I get to the social game.

Here in life I care about something more tangible than the praise - punishment machine of the rat race. I simply *believe* that I am living well despite the numerous signs demanding that I contribute to the empire and the artificial reassurances that I will wallow in misery for not doing so. Never forget that you decided once again, three years ago that living a long life of obedience to get what you want isn't what you are made for. You are born to earn by struggle so that you may achieve something more.

1/2/26

I have several pestering thoughts lingering in my mind, one of which is the nature of care. The attention and distress I give to concerns involving other people. Things they care so much about vary in triviality, yet all of them seem very stressed that I'm not so invested into their micro adjustments.

To consider their displeasure at all is to put a barrier in my path. They cannot be allowed to bar my way. Such is the case with my ocean walks, my grandmother tells me what kind of tide is running through the breakwater, but the information I gave to my family is so incomplete that they can't come close to understanding that its a simple wade through the water. At most I submerge myself to feel the ocean's power and relief in whatever spell seems to cleanse my mind of all irritation. She has become increasingly concerned with the ventures to the point that it seems to displease her. She's asked me to not go. The family as well has chimed in to say that I should announce my walks every time I go. Even then in the vacation, I give specific details on where I'm going and when I'm coming back but the words feel unheard, similar to conditions at my old job. This whole problem is needlessly important and that is the point.

Despite the solutions, they want more arrangements concerning something that should represent peace, as if to make it disgusting to me. I wonder what in me doesn't like the interaction, or is it the fact that my walks are being optimized by something else. I'll consider talking with a specialist to test the waters on why I don't enjoy interacting with people. This repeating pattern seems to have the common denominator set as myself. Aside from that most basic of answers, there could be a factor of heavy influence, such as locality. Perhaps I'm a red dot in a sea of blue ones and they all behave erratically when they get in contact with me. Maybe I ought to make a search to find my own kind, but I can't do so instantly. This is going to take time to build. In a funny way, whatever this social hivemind is plays the part of an unwelcoming jungle. I'm a man who has to hunt, stalk, learn, breathe, and sense within it. I must step carefully, for each footfall has the potential of a

slip, fall, and impact with a source of injury and proceeding infection. The pockets of nature that are left within this concrete jungle seem to be the tranquil part, *as if they* were the houses providing shelter in contrast with the thick mire. I'm amused by the fact that in those places I'm permitted to care about nothing.

I care about living. I feel confident that my way is a good one. I don't know a single definition because it's meaning changes and the principles change. I'm aware that I'm not good at everything so I don't try to be. If I'm terrible at something, I discern what it would mean to me to try again. When I do proceed, there's usually an instructor, ranging from a coworker to my mother. These instructors rightfully demand precision, but what they often don't know is how imprecise the tools that I'm using are. Blunt axes to save costs but expectations that demand the same type of cut: it's the looming effect – do not trust the teacher. The teacher is staring because they fear the consequences of your failure. Hold that reality in your head and you'll start to understand the world just a little more.

1/3/26

Dreamt of a series of adventures. The first following a samoan looking man who ventures deep into the sea with some friends – two women. One of the girls gets attacked and ripped apart by a shark (its unclear). The coast guard also reach the scene and assess the situation as the man and the remaining girl are heading back. The coast guard tell the man to bring her torso back and leave quickly. As both travel on an invisible water vessel, one of the girls releases the torso and lets it drift into the sea, alarming the man. This is when we see that he's holding the girl's severed head. Enraged that the woman did away with the body part he places hands on her shoulders and they get into a tussle. The man loses everything, the vessel, the head, and his love in that girl who flees and never looks back. The man tries to swim to shore but he succumbs to fatigue. He sleeps while drifting in the ocean for an extremely long time. This is long enough for the viewer to see an explanation concerning pig sized shrimp. The process starts with those that lurk in the deep ocean washing ashore. These shrimp evolve into translucent coin sized shrim after many cycles that seek to latch on to organic matter. As they find our protagonist they latch on indiscriminately to his body and collapse into jellyfish like forms. It's narrated that they slowly disable his nervous system in his sleep, though no damage seems to be apparent. Two sources of aid assist the man. First, island dwarves identify and investigate his body as they bring him ashore. The man wakes up after being prodded and cannot speak;

he can only scream in agony. It’s said that the pain is coming from his sun burnt body, and that his ankles were black. The dwarves’ discovery leads to more assistance from a more advanced assistor. A Niam Leeson looking friend in the military finds our protagonist and assists him.

SHORT

Tldr Behemoth park tour party, starting with a battle of knights (versus the black knight who shows his face) then a river of hippos almost identical to a river of bears dream some time ago. Then it settles in a Jurassic park looking estate with a party taking place, with suggestive themes from horny friends and my grandmother seeking me out and interrupting when she thinks I’m having sex.

1/4/26

It seems my interests flesh themselves out in my dreams. Once again I dream of crocodiles traversing the ocean while I evade them. I dream of ascending a steep cliff and meeting an allosaur killing a ceratopsid. I dream of buying back into WoW, as there seems to be no place that’s quite as stable as the friends that are there. I also dream of returning to friend groups at school, and the closest things I have to that is my friends in VrChat. The school dream further evolves into myself getting two more years of high school, where I literally act the same as I used to. This is especially true where I make futile attempts at humor, and I state obvious unspoken details about jokes which steals the energy from the room. All throughout these dreams is a sense of longing to simply be around it, despite the cost and problems. The indicator that separates this fantasy from what really happened is the lack of anxiety, shame, dread and worry that defined those years in that time. Most of the perpetrators of those feelings still act the same today, and I must keep my head high and construct my life to rise above their schemes.

My motivation grows, as I discern that the primary reason I lose motivation is because of other people. People attempting to control me in particular. When they do something foul, and their shit doesn’t catch onto me, they get enraged and make me their enemy. Life is not about these people, it’s about exploration and making ends meet. The less attention and importance I give to such types, the better.

1/5/26

I had a great dream of fighting an intense war in fantasy. It starts as fighting on the side of a force of red nature, controlling all of the hated aspects of life. I take the form of a red hue nether dragon as it dives into battle to take it's flight into war. It's mission is cause enough havoc to twist the earth and rend it, unleashing the wiry forces of spider-like striders to assault the worth above. It quickly becomes apparent that these forces are vast and innumerable, but most importantly hostile to all forms of life. They quickly consume all and their first objective is to undo the masters that brought them into this world. The great war the forces of darkness envisioned becomes a battle of survival as the malevolence of the ancient force overcomes the will of those aligned with the same goals as the forces of good. The nether dragon who proposed rending the Earth becomes the great adversary to the doomtide of spiders and bats as she escapes to simply reach the side of tranquility. Her journey takes her through the gates of former friends, who served as guardians against greentide. Each gate she ventures through bears the remains or the maddened physical form of a dragon overcome by the doomtide, which has now covered this side of the world in nightmarish tendrils. Each fight with each dragon changes her form as it challenges her very existence to overcome the enemy. By the time she's crossed the barrier into the dream world of tranquility, she passes as a friend to nature, the journey itself having done it's work to convert her malevolent spirit to the forces of good. She takes with her the Earth itself to preserve as she joins a festive and welcoming party. Her fiery spirit does well under the influence of alcohol to attract and delight those around her and find some humbling encounter with someone for herself.

I re-assessed my conclusion about who is my enemy and who is my friend and the fact that the expectations that demanding people have on me have often rise above what I represent. These people tell me that I'm old or look terrible and that I'm a bad person. They preach to me that I'll regret so many things by living the way I do and not caring enough. I find that these people drive the hatred within me, not for them, but by the forces of control behind their eyes that rises to the top of the food chain they feed their spite off of. I deem these types as people who want to make of themselves a big deal. The thing about me is that I treat everyone equally and focus on what I find most important. I do not fake respect to someone looking for it in me, and that annoys power hungry people. I am courteous in matching the energy given to me, but it seems that my system of dealing with people brings out the worst in those who are looking for a sense of superiority. Though there are many of them, I must keep my head high and rise above their heinous

behavior. Whenever they scheme to cast me out of their space I benefit, because it gives me another opportunity to find my true place in the world. It’s natural to reflect on the losses, but it should be of no regret that I fought

1/7/26

A strange dream about going through a slide like world. Some people are skilled and make use of all the tools at their disposal. Others like me fall behind fast and are left to fend with those who are clueless and simple their to discover. As we progress through the race I start to care about less and less people and due to this I accelerate until I find people who are rerunning the race. I follow their route and technique and find that the slide world is turning into reality, and the dream ends. The next dream is another situation where I join in on a threesome to please a woman who needs 2 men to satisfy her. She reminds me of my childhood sweetheart and we both take great interest in each other. We often double check to make sure the other is not alone, despite the great commotion outside. We are a part of a greater house where young people are instructed to take part in competitive games, the gimmicks of which feel most like minigames in Roblox. All the while I’m with this woman I’m very aware that I’m cheating on Kyo, but the new person is able to charm me based on the sorry state I’m in. The lack of control here is the driving force for the misdemeanors and bad choices of my life.

Remember this lack of control and how people will attempt to hold it over you with the goal of misguiding you. Do nothing but adhere to the truth of yourself and these uncomforted people will do the work themselves.

1/6/26

The first dream is an episode of Courage the Cowardly Dog, where a scammer appraises fruit and is able to collect a great amount. Courage poses as another appraiser and attempts to use Muriel to prove point, but she is rich, happy and content. He can only say the same thing twice as he gets angry at her.

The next is a series of small daydreams where aspects of life begin to coalesce into the same type of energy. It comes first as an aspect of every screen in the house. Behind every screen is either the phone, the media, or a man talking points. The first form its given is a faceless voice giving images and talking about how my generation is ugly. I walk past it and it continues to tell me in different ways how I’m ugly. It uses diagrams and data, talking points and professional opinion as well to prove that I’m ugly. I don’t listen.

During the next day the result is that my screens whether it’s the news, my feed, and my public institutions (such as the media) start crashing out on TV, all a tantrum designed to try and get my attention. Everyone’s talking about depleting time and superior genetics and I simply just don’t care and walks past it. The following day the people in the screens begin yelling for help. Their own anxiety poisons the air in their rooms in traps that they’ve made for themselves. The physical contours of the screens upon which they’ve placed much worth in trap them as they become more worthless in my life. On the fourth day these people become worms, or snakes. Where a bottom half should be is an occupant of their bodies. These people scream help further still and the differences of their once diverse community condense into same type of scene. The content repeats itself as the snake, dressed in republican suit attire starts eating rare to raw slabs of meats with a fork and knife, causing the screen men and women a great deal of pain. I look away with the least concern and turn to the next visage (a stand in for a dream).

The next dream is about a person whose form changes quickly. It represents people who demand my attention without right. These people share a similar vibe, something is wrong with you and they have the answer. They start by telling me I look terrible. The second day they move on to say that I don’t shower enough, I don’t give enough charity, I don’t work out enough. I consider their point of view but take it as such: a point of view. Enraged they start devising plans to test me on the third day, compromising on their proposed set of values and they tell me I’m a bad person. “What is wrong with you!?”. In the end that’s all they can say before the form condenses into a baby, crying at me. On the fourth day the baby starts speaking to me, its form shrinking as they don a republican suit that they cannot fill. The words they say are “help me” but this time, the baby is pointing a gun at its head with tiny fingers, nearly screaming “I’m gunna do it!”. It keeps shouting this same phrase over and over again until it pulls the trigger and makes a mess of itself. The visage quickly dies by means of its own execution and there are no concluding thoughts to be had as clarity enters my mind once again.

1/9/26

I had a dream about an argument in court about whether a shotgun could classify as a nightmare weapon in order to accuse someone with possession of it. A comparison was made by Winter in a joke like fashion. He explained it in terms of drones attempting to go back to performing their regular function, but they try to escape the jury. In this situation he drew a mental picture of, there was pressure to make the civilians say yes with enforcement

pursuing them if they wandered off to do what they usually wanted to do, like gather or make a hive.

Another look in the mirror. I see my eyebags and hear the insults that figures attempting to overpower me spurt out in attempts to sway my feelings under their direction. I think of my potential and the reasons people choose to dislike and come after me. I'm a simple man with a simple task, and yet I draw in attention like nobody's business. It's as if my willpower is detectable. It's been this way ever since I met my step father's glare. Every since I've gotten a grasp on how power works I clash with people who are subtly weaving it. I get in confrontations in such simple situations that ought not to spark an argument.

One would usually say I'm making this hard for myself. "Brian, you need to work on your communication" No one ever gives a different answer, and the ideal strategy to put ease on the resistance this machine pushes on me is to "retardmax". I should keep it simple, stupid. I should let the manipulators have their way. Dare I say I know too much.

This knowledge is cursed, as if everyone can smell it. I'm aware of far too many things. I threaten people because they can't seem to put leverage on me. Yet somehow this is perfect. I don't have to give attention to anything I really don't care about. My concerns are my own and my mind is plagued by the usual suspects, bad actors that want to sway my decision making and tell me "I knew he was a bad person". It seems juvenile to think that's what the results of anyone's thoughts is but I suspect it starts with the lack of respect.

How disrespectful am I? I'm disrespectful on an incredible level, likely having its roots in trauma but maintaining a life force based on what I see in people. Anyone embellishing me often has me mentally racking up a charge against them. By this charge I suspect they want to occupy my mind space and waste my time caring about them. This seems to be the unconscious goal of the other body, and I don't play along. The result often slowly turns into a situation of hatred towards me, hence the insults.

Now let's be less selfish with my observations and assume what people think of me. They see someone who's unkempt. To what degree is often influenced mostly by the hair. My mother's reaction to my growing hair most accurately describes this. "I just wanna, cut all of your hair off!" she often says with a grasping motions, as if she's a man who wants to hold boobs. I'm led to believe this is the greatest factor in determining if I'm to be trusted

like a pit bull. The next is the physique, where I’m built like a child. If I work out I’d realistically look like a strong child, and the common phrase is that people who look strong but are short are overcompensating. I realize now that these are worth as much as garbage, because they have a second purpose. If someone dislikes you, they reveal what they’d usually confide in another person if you know how to turn an insult into a compliment.

First, you have their attention. Second, there is no vague flattery or interaction. The words are a direct description of you, do well to hear them. Third they feed their spite on you, which is a form of worship. If we perceive that hatred has the possibility of translating into love then there is no harm. I’ll do well to give attention to the spiteful as a form of resource to learn from.

1/9/26

A dream realistic enough to be considered as an alternate timeline comes into focus. It starts with a description of what I’m studying, particularly interpersonal relationships concerning incels and relating this approach to life with the death of Emperor Nero of Rome. I look at a picture in the textbook that’s supposed to represent the perspective of the outsider and then I become immersed in the world in which it was taken. It’s another school in a world where my dad’s more involved and able to walk on school grounds to make sure that I’m making attempts to create friendships. He makes a deal with a person afflicted with dwarfism to talk to me, betting that if this goes bad he pays him and if it goes well the dwarf treats me to a trip to buy candy. I take it humorously enough that the conversations starts decently and I assume we make a friendship. When I wake up I review the clingy memories of people getting in my way being frustrated and asking “What is wrong with you!?”. I wonder what would happen if in those moments I was emboldened enough to reply “I’m not interested in people like you.”

1/10/26

It feels like time jumped forwards again. I dreamt of a simple dream of a night in VrChat. I was attracted to Aikama and following him until he disappeared out of the blue. Once I woke up I then reflected on my earlier conversation regarding the idea of waiting, specifically during the criticisms I’ve made of people. I heard again the lines “anyone can flip” and thought of Elon Musk and Kamala Harris switching their support of unfavorable actions. I then thought of the situations where I could have improved relations

between myself and my coworkers, and realized that I could be more humble and accept a minor accusation such as an error I've made. In these moments what's most important is not being right or taking a stand, but appeasing the antagonist to remedy tension within the group. Like the situation in Uldir a wrongful accusation accepted by the accused, but later realized by leadership is worth a thousand things done right. Remember these important lessons going forward.

1/11/26

I dreamt of being a CEO looking at an rts style format of upgrades associated with improving my workers. The upgrades in particular were redundant and the company agents looked like gene stealers. The dream transitions to myself serving as an FBI agent of 3, all women. An investigation of this company begins where I intrude on mall grounds next to a body of water. . We lose track of a dangerous target that's able to damage vehicles in pursuit of them, including our own. The vehicle is bugged, so we were able to track it while I convinced an owner of an empty restaurant to loan me his Lamborghini in service of the state. We followed the tracked path of the runner's vehicle on freeways where we took the lambo offroad and gained ground by taking paths with treacherous amounts of trash and debris. The dream ended shortly after I worried about the damage the vehicle and the 3 of us were taking

1/15/26

I experience a day of unique mysteries. What matters is not deliberating upon the questions that brought me here to write this, but on the answers. I see fit to drop my commitment to Blue Protocol, to contribute that line of passion and work to a character in of myself. I devote that fervor to building up your attributes and creating once more a figure capable of legendary acts. It's time to act in this world, and my first mission is to complete whatever meandering journey this book's inner workings has started. I owe it to myself before any other kind of thing to fulfill my duty that will ultimately uplift myself from the muck and allow me to attain my full potential, for my enemies gather in throngs in different ways, fearful that I will claim those heights by hand.

My writing will describe reality, and a new mindset regarding it. It's purpose is to give hope where it is lost, to find power in defying what has been "proven" by the status quo. It's to recognize that the 'right way' to live a life

is a display, televised for us cast light of how our hard efforts are rewarded, when truly the methods shown are shadows of their former selves.

The enemy is this machine of status quo, and I mean to identify what it is, what it looks like, and how it acts and persuades you to think. I'll tolerate it's influence no longer.

1/16/26

Dreamt of several dreams, one of which was a streamer arguing that only retarded women choose poor men over rich men, especially if they were hot. The other was a battle of controllable dinosaurs, probably from the Ferocious game I viewed someone playing the other day. The third was a person keeping it simple that anyone could invest and become rich.

1/17/26

A grand dream about a club of sorts. This club had a great hall filled with the mingling of people and music. A long introduction proceeded it spanning the time length of another dream, but it was merely an introduction to this hall. I met Arianna within the hall and saw that she was much progressed in life. I stood by her side but I lay down, allowing space for familiar obstacles just like before attempted to take my space. As these people, again very similar to those I was forced to compete with for space with Arianna came into my space, I was unwilling to jockey for a space next to her and I relented from discomfort. I chose instead to take a look at the grand hall itself and my insight of it gathered enough detail to discern that it was a large hall filled with worship: worship for attention.

The circle that I was just in was merely a table in this hall, and my petty life was centered around something that I didn't care to pay attention to, everyone relevant to that old, sad lifestyle was centered around that particular table. Arianna only noticed as I interacted with another woman sitting next to a large sink as I viewed the hall. She seemed to want to escape as well and follow me. The woman next to the fountain had her hair sitting under the faucet and I wet her hair with soap by accident as I washed my hands. She made a playful burden of making me wash some of her hair before I moved along, but I cared about her, and this was the power that drew attention from others around me.

During this dream was a display of worship, hence the purpose of the large hallway. Great tables of size appeared to the far right. An assembly of some of the more important people of the hall were clustered around a display

similar to the aquatic performance shown to the Chancelor in Star Wars Prequel III. The people of importance were summoning greater people like themselves within such light bubbles by devoting their attention to them.

1/17/26

Another dream, this time I sit in a lobby reviewing a test for a woman who's coordinating for kids that I feel have fallen behind. It's a pleasant dream with a very relaxed space for people attempting to both learn and catch up to make their place in society.

1/20/26

Dreamt of going to a class. Dreamt of a strange trip of spending time away from this area to visit my step father, and abruptly ending the visit after a brush with danger where his pickup truck slides over a cliff and into a slope, he's skilled in adjusting the car and my wits focus on a tree to grasp onto. I exit the situation awkwardly to go home despite the inconveniences that will come my way. Once I set out on my own I have two Dustrider workers with me and we harvest minerals at the benchless bus stop. I have a slight anxiety that this bus doesn't go to LAX, but another one to the southwest as I read GPS, but my suspicions are calmed as I read the bus' messages. I then have two large duffels bags on rollers when the bus arrives and I bear the watchful gaze of security on the bus. I suspect they are watching how much weight I bring onto there. I have a run in with my cross country friends, and shortly after that the dream ends

1/21/26

Dreamt of myself visiting a neighborhood where I hung out with Poro and Zinler. We went to a street with bad lighting, where Zinler was scolded in Spanish and told to clean as part of a childhood responsibility. I cleaned the carpet and then went to explore outside. Outside there was a sketchy crosswalk that did not last long enough to safely walk across. There was a train as well that didn't have good lighting and I nearly was hit by one while crossing the train tracks. I was on this adventure, and completely forgot to notify my step father and mother, for I was still living with them, but had to communicate my plans often with them. I had a lingering dread as well, that what Greg was attempting to teach me was the lesson Rapunzel's father was trying to teach her, in that restraint was an exercise that gave you great power.

1/21/26

I want to reflect on the relationship I had with Kyo. It was a good one, although I seem to become absorbed with stories and the like, also I believe the personality I used to flirt with Kyo to begin with was one of a bygone era of mine. The nights of my slanderous appeal to the people that admired it slipped away in favor of a different kind, and the adjustments were too many to fill the void that had been lost with the transition of my person. Like the jobs' management detesting me for finding my firm ground of confidence, I realize that with my shifting personality the nature of my relevance to the relationships change. I become unexpectedly quiet or too loud too suddenly, and the change is too great for people to become adequately adjusted to. I find that I'm insufficient in tending to people who seek the same levels of attention as previous times indicate. I want to get away from the maintenance checks that require pinging supposed loved ones. These social chores feel like they hold an unnecessary presence where there ought to be none. I feel comfortable, yet melancholy when I'm alone to find my way in the world and one might say that I value this solitude a little too much. Unfortunately things do not become easier when I reach out. As if red bar had been brewing and filled to a point, expectations tend to pile up like a stack of chores and when I return to see a person who looks forward to that 'daily bread' I get ridiculed on the smallest inconveniences as if a great frustration had been fermenting within their psyche.

I see now that my problem is that *I do* change. The thing that people have been asking for is true, but it does not respect what they plan for me. I adapt to a situation and adjust my mindset to accommodate the relentless movement of the dials on reality and even if I attempt to guide another person as to how I think the result is usually negative, even from my faithful grandmother. The best I can do is say I tried and move on, there will be many more people that will fail to understand, and I will often fail to climb these small rock faces on this journey on the black mountain of progress this world of mine deems to be pure. Life does offer second chances. You just have to be willing to sacrifice things dear to you in order to attain to next step.

Here are the consistent things your opponents have proven to use against you so far.

1: An endless list of tasks or insults, designed to overwhelm you.

2: Knowledge checks to promote doubt, enticing you to make a stand upon unsteady ground

3: Intimidation, to stress me and make a mountain out of a molehill

4: Degradation, to demean my person and to say I am not enough and I ought not to belong to the space or position in life that I occupy: to lower myself.

Remember that the goal of these tactics is to drive me to act in favor of my opponents, whether it’s Brittany taunting me about how Tizoc is going to be livid with me, or my grandmother is promoting shame with the food that I was responsible for that she deems inedible and unsalvageable, small independent evils will test your outlook and life and drive you out of focus from what’s most important. Seriousness about a cause alone will not get you far enough it seems, as it appears that your enemies will detect your inner drama as if it’s an aura of chaos and they can’t help but to falter to anxiety and make a fuss about it. Power is lost from rigidity, as learned from when you starved and nearly met death those 2 times in year 25. Fun and humor with a clan will keep you at ease and much more durable than can be done with a single relationship. From here on, think of these opponents as passionate League players, and understand their behavior as hateful, but with no weight behind it. If they have to explain their sullenness towards you, then they’ve already lost. Don’t be surprised when they fall apart on their commitments and compromise on their initial values, have fun and toy with them, this is the life you live, and the world will warp around you if continue to maintain your fortitude in furnishing the truth with a sharp mind while you cultivate a playful attitude.

“Ain’t nothin’ I say should be taken seriously, that’s why it’s the truth” -Rakan

1/22/2026

I dreamt playing a game of quests. It first started as a grand mmo where I relied on my experience to confirm the stability of the world. This experience was encouraging me to be less adventurous, and I suspected that the old world was being removed from this game. As I held confidence in my mastery of the game I had a female companion who I didn’t pay much attention to. She was quiet but orbital and often enhanced my questions with positive doubt. Either I understood her concerns to not take it as offensive or I held a new mindset and appreciated all language towards me as constructive criticism, even with the absurd.

This lady and I progressed into the dream until she hit a stopping where she was distressed about a side quest. I first assumed it was unable to be done with the lack of easy it had, since I usually avoided such tedious quests. When we couldn’t resolve the issue, the world warped into another and I lost

all of my power. PvP was the great premise and combat was being held everywhere. My lady was still with me, but we had to grind to get our way back, and often we met people who grouped with us that new of me, particularly the other dps of the ranger type. Usually they'd lose quickly, but other times close matches warranted cheap tactics, and the pressure was on to determine status.

The grind ended without much conclusion and I ended being challenged to a duel with an opponent that was confident to risk the stakes in a free for all. While being escorted to the duel position, Arianna once again showed up and was a streamer of sorts, supporting herself off an income of donations and subscriptions. She accompanied me and scouted the arena as a shapeshifting Lulu type of character (I must be playing a little too much league). I surveyed the area and found a Paraworld dinosaur nest. I sought to attack to nest but not destroy it, and use it to lure the dinosaur to a point to where I could drop aggro and use it again later. My plan was going well until I attempted to drop aggro, and found that the dinosaur resisted the feign death. My intent to control what I thought was a weak beast was folly. The dinosaur changed form to adapt to the climate as it continued to chase me in. It also seemed to begin harboring sentience and shifted shape to a black triceratops as it progressed in the chase. Despite this, it still held to the fundamental flaws that it lacked while it was mindless such as line of sight and single minded fury. Proof of its sentience came in the form of demented sadism, as it held a dog to it's mouth by its leg and dangled it while it yelped in agony consistently. I can only assume it consumed or otherwise killed the dog as it moved on to attack others, prioritizing me whenever it noticed me. The triceratops turned into a mosasaur and progressed to a lake where I set a trap capable of killing it. A crowd gathered around this beast and they read the data on it and proclaimed in shock that "it was an AI". The dream ends

1/24/2025

Dreamt of dealing with poverty in an increasingly poor environment, similar to Palm Springs. An ice cream truck had two different people that charged me two different prices. Spanish was the great rift in determining if the

1/27/2025

Dreamt of myself as a time traveler, with a limited ability to be able to bring things into the past such as my phone. There was a support line I could call, which could summon a technician to tend to my things.

The dream began as a journey I sought to take on my own, to bypass a futuristic level of convenience in order to attain a feeling of greatness. As I became consumed by the purity of joy in this life I focused on an unspoken mission. I lived in a palace of sorts of Aztec designs, and godlike beings walked the earth. I had the access to my own dimension by use of the phone, and could do anything I wanted normally in the present time, but with capabilities that made my own time seem like it was adjusted, as if I belonged 100 years into the future from 2025.

I journeyed out into my own space among the high rises of this Aztecan, catacomb city to discover the soul of this world and embarked on personal, spiritual training. As I journeyed back and forth from my affluent abode, akin to a penthouse, I played this world like a game. Robbers and thieves looked as foolish as Roblox players behaved like them. I found their attempts to steal things from my house to be laughably ineffective as I outplayed the first man who looked like Aatrox, as he was performing a primitive hack of my stone door and turning it to gain entry, I rapidly pushed a button that pushed the door in his favored direction, but too much, thus unwinding his contraption that he used to pry to door open and breaking it, as I could see the machine’s durability as a health bar. I then meddled with a plethora of other burglars as my attendant went outside to fight them. The attendant was overrun and I made quick work of this growing horde of burglars, they seemed to be a team of 6 – 10. The dream ended after I played with the thief’s attacks like a replay able game, but there was a second plot going on. It was about the devil in his angel form, and I fought him in debate to uncover something that both of us had to work together in order to attain. The purpose was vague at first, but as I bickered with him and told him I wasn’t in need of money in the form of red rubies that he would spawn for me: “I don’t need money, give me something that I want”. I became guilty of a childish demeanor, but I used this low-level thoughtfulness to my advantage to find out what I was truly after. The revelation was that I was attempting to redeem Satan.

1/28/26

I dreamt of someone reacting to my previous dream. They told me that someone was watching the progress of these writings and is investigating every page of this document

1/28/26

I had another strange dream regarding conflict. The latter was about a league game and players using exploits to win. I was helpless under a particular exploit where poppy could sync her ultimate with wooglets and permanently apprehend a player. The rest of the team as my friends were getting fucked by the other players as the poppy was running around holding my like a banner to show off to the enemy team, they were seriously demoralized as communication fell apart and theirs was casual and successful.

The middle halve of the dream was about us standing in a line, the scene was about a joke that was something along the lines of when did you see an XS Class 17 (airplane). The person in on the bit was relating the last time they saw an XS class 17 was like when they saw A giraffe doing a pogging emoji, the aim was to avoid answering the question and say something ridiculous, but the second part of the sentence was so outrageous that it both defeats the useful information at the end, and intrigues the listeners so much that they feel they have to hear the outrageous “explanation” anyway. The thing turned into a family guy style skit, and the opposing party became revealed as a bunch of criminal investigators. They linger too long to hear the jokes and become made by an opposite party of cartoonish sesame street looking characters. Soon they attempt to escape, but more of these cartoons pursue notice the investigators, compromising their mission, especially a new group of spongebob and squidward. These two especially, conveniently show up at the tail end of the investigators’ escape, and alert the cartoons to the investigators’ presence. The investigators become incredibly nervous as more of these encounters continue, and by the end of it they simply seem so nerve wracked that spongebob could see their faces, and feels ashamed by their fear, that he misreads as disgust. As he whimpers and contorts his face as a reaction to his dismay as this revelation, the dream ends.

The first dream involved a situation where someone would provide for me to take space in the campos house. As I lived in this space, a dark energy would remain and turn the room into chaos. It seemed that bad things would happen to the person occupying a room that I had previously lived in, and soon after I would cost the household more money as more and more rooms would fall to ruin as my parents would misidentify this problem. The conflict turned into a very hard fought league game with hardened opponents. We had to coordinate to simply conquer one tower, and then when we overstepped our team was easily killed. The enemy came for me but I was capable of defending myself with the intimidation effect of a fortified

position, while they still respected my capabilities in killing them. I stood alone in my most recent room as a large space, and when I started to think about the positioning of the league theatre, and the relevance to how it was laid out compared to my house the dream ceased to exist and continued to the 2nd dream.

1/29/2026

My memory is shot for the last dream. I dreamt of my hair. And some other thing. I mostly dreamt of a world with bonfires where I ventured out to fish in the ocean. The hunt was unsuccessful in the deep water, which was murky and gave me the feeling of fear. The fish traps I used were empty, but it didn't cross my mind that a predator could have stolen them. I slipped into the dark water and struggled to board my boat once more. After this mishap I was done with the ocean fishing, and moved areas to find a more secure looking shallow area instead. The small area I found was some sort of tidepool. I had the choice of easy pickings as small to medium sized fish were everywhere in this section of clear water. Cuttlefish, various species of octopus, and food fish that form schools dwelt in the clear pool, drifting in rest perhaps. I could catch the fish with my bare hands, and I probably did. After inspecting the entire pool a pig showed up that was also wandering the area to eat fish. I planned to start my own fire and cook a fish as well, but the bonfires came into sight as soon as I prepared to start it, and I resorted to just using them At the area of bonfires, a friend of a long time before gave me a gift after my fishing hunt, I believe it was some food. I didn't smile at him, I think I gave him a piercing gaze but no words needed to be said before we parted.

A second dream preceded this one, it was me visiting my uncles house, which was a residence in a tropical looking area. There was a vague mention of anime and I made a joke about Deku, the main character filled with pathetic traits and often used as such for references, though his actions say otherwise. I comment on my own actions from one of the two dreams, saying " I should have conceded defeat".

1/30/26

Dreamt of advances in the practical uses of mathematics, one was digital mapping done in a style format, where a mathematician compiled the data of minefields across the Earth and was able to highlight hotspots on the planet. They looked exactly like heat spots on thermal imaging. The third dream was a top 10 list in television style with an American documentary narrator type

of voice (exactly as heard in Paraworld) on turning points in the Earth's history of wars. This particular item in the list (of unknown order or position) was Ukraine's final stand. The country in its fierce resistance was able to remove the lingering side effects of a bomb that was on the scale of a WW2 nuclear option. The bomb was referenced multiple times as a non-nuclear Hiroshima bomb and was launched by a team of four men using momentum, pulleys, and a rolling barrel to direct it like a boulder as if it was comedy. The forces involved however weren't such a joke as when the bomb was released, it leveled trees like blades of grass and moved up a a large hillside higher than the launch point (this was done in a small valley). Only when it started moving did a rocket, attached at a 145 degree angle ignite and manipulate this contraption. Three major tests with the bomb were shown as it was also mentioned as "a bomb maker's wet dream". The (likely) Ukrainians testing the bomb were large, giant-like men who could withstand to survive being pulled in multiple directions with such forces when coordinating the launch of the bomb. There was no large set up, only the men and a few small devices as if the technique was comparable to a marksman wielding a slingshot, and the men were a physical part of the launch process until the barrel catapulted.

The first dream involved a simple job at a grocery store where I witness a new employee steal under an irresponsible team lead. The thief was easily able to steal in a manner that offset the time he committed the crime to anyone who would have noticed. The team lead above him was the one who got in trouble, as she was in training to become a manager. The manager noticed some damaged goods and was furious at the team lead for allowing the lost goods to be stolen. I took the frustration of the manager as him blaming the team lead for stealing the goods themselves, but in writing it seems he was on her side, rooting for her. As she pleaded that she didn't steal, he mocked her reasons and the thief planned another heist, this time with a crew of his fellows. I didn't get the police involved and instead opted to plan a chase for the thieves themselves, driving and hiding a corvette in yellow tall grass that was angled in the front yard of the business in a direction capable of choice to pursue them.

1/30/26

Dreamt of a run down world where I could summon an avatar to fight for me. The rest of the dream is blurred. In a second dream I was present with an entourage that belonged to a circus. In a particular demonstration I brought a chimpanzee whose dreams were being tracked by scientists. The

chimpanzee made the normally energetic people in the group particularly nervous.

1/31/2026

Dreamt of a man with a broken back make a short, the short was titled that men of range do not last, men of fire however: He then demonstrated the latest meme, which was a sort of golf trend. In the background was an affluent looking house with a hill and a team of black joggers wearing robes, it seemed that shorts had a much higher quality. This dream had a theme of greater capability in the form of technology. I appeared to be following the path of my uncle in starting a business, and YouTube became a more professional format as young people promoted change.

In the first dream I dreamt inside of a dream. It was about the government becoming increasingly covert, but starting out in a very simple manner. It began with a party involving work friends and my best friends. We shared the usual humor we always did, but we were passionate about the food being served at the party in this case. The managers humbled themselves and served food to the employees by the plate, and I assume the employees had some sort of agency with the food itself, perhaps they bought it. As time progressed I made a visit to the bathroom and saw people have a generally good time. The scene dissipated as I looked upon a very familiar storefront. In the store's basement there was a gang of government agents running a base of operations in the heart and cellar of the vacant establishment. They all wore black and their base of operations consisted of around 12 people. They appeared to be able to detect me and sent police to investigate me. I explained I dreamt of the underground facility to the officer and he reacted as any person unwilling to put effort in discerning my cloud of words. In layman's terms its someone I confuse by speaking and writing improperly.

2/1/26

Dreamt 2 – 3 times, third dream 1st explanation. I ascended a jump platform game that involved boss fights, and all of my friends played it.

2/2/26

Dreamt of returning to WoW, and reliving the days where I would embark on adventures within the game. It was an inspiration piece, as if something was drawing from my passion for the game. I remember that during this time I held a mindset of pure growth, and I would partake in the utmost humility. I would set aside the obstacles set before me and truly consider every flaw

mentioned as collective criticism whether it was spiteful or not. When I am at my best I take this criticism to heart and use it to improve myself in micromanaged situations, often turning the most spiteful of people into the best teachers and the most complimenting people into the worst. I don't understands why I had the dream until I wrote it down, then I reconnected with my vision of incorporating my exponential growth in the game with my life here in the dust and muck of poverty where people are bitter, unhappy and crab-like. Sustain yourself and allow others to test you, for their insecurity will drive them off of you and out of your life, rather than your own force. Those who are skilled in combat do not become angered. Those who are skilled at winning do not become afraid. Thus the wise wins before they fight, while the ignorant fight to win. I've found new inspiration from this era. Old wisdom assumed to be worthless has now come back and it calling to me. It is that people are my enemies in competition, and this warrants your highest form of being to come into order. You will not allow yourself to be swayed by the desperate, for they are merely seeking your attention in order to fulfill themselves. You now have the knowledge necessary to tell when someone is attempting to form a connection out of respect versus out of a relationship. Realign yourself now, for this hour of the brutal tide has come. Great is the weight of the many who are controlled by the few.

2/2/26

Dreamt of a situation where I lingered after work in the presence of my boss and some coworkers. The boss was busy but directed an especially obnoxious and smelly coworker to my attention from choosing rooms. I intended to go home, but to latch on this person to me in order to simply ruin my day was the intention. I made my way out and he followed me, and in order to escape I fled to a room, but the assailant was a lockpicker. My quick thinking was inept as the room was a dead end, but another room that I intended to go to was a large shopping mall, and I had found the space in time to leave after feigning the reinforcement of the third flawed door.

If any of these apparitions in dreams or in realspace are associated with reality, my level in discipline must increase in order to face the coming threat that these things pose.

"Do you know why I don't seem to care about anything? It's because I've seen anger commonly used in the most useless of ways and have seen examples of it used effectively, which I prefer to emulate. When I see someone using anger towards me to try and convince me to do as they say, I see them as an angry animal. I see them as an angry animal because they

want me to follow their belief system and lie through the system to get what they believe I want. Examples include buying a car when you're too poor for one, the same as buying a house, every interview filled with false promises and decoyed questions. A case could even be made to assault social security and say its too much to invest in a system that promotes future greed. I believe all of these lies have a hidden cost, and humanity is unconcerned with the drawbacks associated with committing them.

I have too many of these false beliefs absolved from my life to be inconspicuous, and so the suspicious watch dogs bark at me to try and bend me to their way, and cast me out of communities whenever money gets involved. I seem to be at odds with money for this time, and that is my punishment for not giving care to all of the great things the people praise. As an American, I am at odds with others who attempt to convince me that my life is not good enough, and when they find out I don't give their statements the attention they crave their temper shortens. So long as I am a youthful and capable individual I should be able to make headway through the masses I deal with, yearning to get out of this mire of crabs who drag each other down.

2/3/26

Dreamt of studying and having fun with my friends. It was a very good time and the dream was filled with music. I was able to progress in the electrician program and pursue something that felt fulfilling to work for. I remember doing a lot of talking in the dream which is something I don't normally do unless I'm comfortable with the people I'm interacting with. The dream seemed pointless and fun, and after much of what I've been learning about, that is a good thing.

2/4/26

Dreamt of trying to escape a maze of terror with a small child. The route I took was adventurous and daring, but not daring enough as fear overtook my decision making and we headed out through a company's front door to escape the facility. The ending resulted in diagnostic notes and the dissection of the child's corpse and mine. I awoke in the hall of the place I feared to go down, the place from which I turned back from and the ghost in which I feared attacks from was a creator of worlds, bearing similarities to Aurelion Sol. They punished me for my cowardice in the face of responsibility in the maze by showing me my ability to fight with enough competence to win, but not enough to save the child, forcing my greatest fear to take place and

watching the child die. The creator placed me in an arena where I would fight bosses and other players in a team of 4 other people. I had nearly nothing to work with as my attributes were reduced to miserable traits and the battles in which I fought had me encounter situations similar to my WoW fights, where the odds were stacked against me and I needed to play perfectly to overcome them. As battles went and progressed, the room of punishment began to feel more like a teacher, and the menace that posed the greatest threat and fear was my own incompetence more so than any man, spirit or beast.

2nd Dream: Dreamt of lingering around a freeway, where I used my skills in flirting to begin flirting in a world and a time where most of my high school friends have already been married. I found them near the avenues in and out of the freeway, with restless comments about such a place being hazardous and carrying with it an air of being lowly regarded, for the freeway had been expanded and without me owning a car I was being given advice to stay away from it. I struggled with constant subtle insults by comparison as I made my way to act as normal and treat these people as equals.

2/5/26

2 Dreams, the 2nd of which I was living with my mother's side of the family in a place where the world was more lush, or at least a particular neighborhood. My sister as well was present within the family structure, and my father had the capability to train me in the ways of strict discipline on visits outside of the family. However, I had great frustration built within me, and on a night where everything was provided for me I lashed out and brought low my verbal opinion of everyone in the family. I brought a point of tension to the forefront between all of them and destroyed my reputation for being calm and measured, later finding out that the force acting upon us was a double moon that I felt many people become charmed or mesmerized by. The force of the double moons was energizing the metals of the Earth in such a powerful way that it would alter our behavior and break the limits of my willpower. After discovering such an influential thing I felt controlled by something none of us had the focus, awareness or competence to notice due to our comparatively insignificant conflict in the household. I felt small, guilty and regretful for treating the family in this way.

The First dream explored training I was going under. I was enrolled not only in school but a personal training program directed under my father who acted as a drill sergeant. This dream was interwoven, but of equal

importance to the 2nd dream as I made trips to visit my father for this one purpose.

Another dream comes into reality where I would further associate the concept of the fifth element as the power of love, and that this theoretical force was driven exactly like electricity and could be solved as math equations involving energy. It became evident that I must understand the equations outside of the box and work with datasets involving most if not all power, voltage, or resistance. I was particularly inept at solving the problem that dealt with power values, a question that I skipped during one of the homework blocks of the class. The understanding of the 'love' circuit was so influential that it would foretell the direction that you slept in with your partner. The capabilities I had in understanding the math and relationship between the 4 units of measurement in Ohms law were critical and of course, I understood my failure to provide these answers in the dream. Remember that this abundance of free-flowing knowledge in our world is not going to last. Perhaps now is the time to act upon it archiving something

2/6/26

Dreamt of an anxious situation where I played on a pvp server, it played just like Ark, in fact i'm very sure it was just Ark. Due to the normally hostile nature of both the wildlife and the player base, I had constant brushes with death. I knew it was only a matter of time before I came across a coordinated force of defensive people. In fleeing an attack from one base, fearing conflict with one person, I ran to a base with heavier defenses. discovering that a group of 4 people were hypervigilant about their surroundings and came to defend their patch of territory. Slowly, the situation devolved to become increasingly real, as I became captured and questioned by a group of aging people who told me I was there to abuse and steal from their community. This

2/7/26

I dreamt of moving again. The process itself seemed to become forceful towards people who expected different. I held attention to a river at the same time of moving, and found that the water started as a stream, turned into a large creek and then dried out, leaving behind sand. While river was going through this seasonal life, I began moving things in an increasingly unimpeded fashion. I could lift much more material than I had expected and became focused on the task at hand. It appeared that towards that I was decent enough to ask help from those who were wanting, namely my mother

and step father. I always found great discomfort in asking for help from these people, for I can’t help but regard any position of humility as a stance for an obvious transaction. It seems to be both weakness and strength in the matter in which I deal with them. I find that the morality of my choices comes into question when I put someone in danger or stress, and I find their tolerance for both to be low.

2/8/26

I dreamt about Aikama. Specifically it was about 3 situations involving him, one where I could barely find himand often found myself lost. The second I had to use a special teleport that mindley was complaining about, and I observed situations where I made 2 different choices to sit next to and away from him, both ended in him sitting next to me. The third was me venting my frustrations on him by spam pinging him as he played Vlad in League and then I personally got involved (Lucid dream) to intervene on the next kill attempt on him and possibly sacrifice myself for him.

The previous (2nd) dream was about me wandering a city at night, being homeless and returning to a specific trashcan. I lived in a dilapidated shack not far away and I was well off enough

2/12/26

Dreamt of a city, and I had an adventure to get out of it. I had many friends. I woke up and texted so I lost the dream. The song playing was Emil Bulls’ Rainbows and Butterflies.

2/13/26

I dreamt of fighting zombie demon rats chasing me. I ran out of ammo on the last one after finding no escape (but it was obvious at the end). I paused the dream like a game and became frustrated that this demon rat was going to get the better of me as it became enraged and I ran out of ammo. I thought that my hesitation was going to kill me until Aikama’s voice melted my heart and lifted me from the dream.

2nd dream was me hanging out near a pool. I chased a friend who seemed to perform the role of the historian in search of answers.

1st dream was a dream of going through a minefield to find forgotten history, particularly of a man who had a delusion that he was a samurai. It was implied that he fought modern weapons with a bow and arrow, and that the police had become so frustrated with this man that they built a minefield

around his hunting grounds and built their HQ next to his sunken garden. I followed a man who was emboldened to find the truth about this man for the sake of unveiling mysteries.

2/13/26

Dreamt of being brought in

2/14/26

Dreamt of talking to Aikama, then woke up to irl dms with him.

The music was Castles in the Sky (lyrics) by babymetal.

2/15/26

Dreamt of Vivian tracking down the meaning of revelation by using the scientific method. I was present among people she was associated with, there by choice but not intertwined with the group. I traveled to the beach through a literal portal and casually walked on sand as if it was a normal visit. She recollected that on the fourth day a message would be given or unveiled. I got the feeling that near the beach as was always the case, a great presence had been brewing within the water. I held an aura of anxiety that affected people and drove them up the hill, they had a sense that they knew just as well as I of what was coming. I lost my familiar friends and traveled up the Santa Monica mountains, the place resembled the hills behind Peña or Tuna canyon. It was not long under noon that I could see past the ocean horizon, and I saw a great tsunami so large that the cloud haze became abated by it’s inglorious silhouette. Inevitability struck the hearts of desperate strangers as we traveled up the Santa Monica Mountains and people escaped with vehicles up the mountainside. Fear decided upon two types of people, those who followed and those who fought fate. I followed a fear-stricken woman to share with her a car that had been posted high atop a looking point, but the water was incoming too soon to climb the hill, so I resorted to abandoning her and fortifying my position into some buildings constructed by the area we were attempting to overrun. The first wave crashed into the mountain so hard that it began an earthquake, and it felt as if it was crushing the deep ground underneath our feet and making caverns out of solid earth. The second wave was bigger than the first, it drew near as wind fought it and turned the wave into a roaring terror. The wave was held back by the wind and produced a mouth of vacuumed air that produced a terrible roar as if it were a great lion. As the water receded the conflict of air and water sprouted water spouts- tornados so numerous and violent they

also threated to suck me away from my ground. The threat of death was so swift and required such constant vigilance that I could hardly react to the people dying around me and could only focus on the next unforeseen technicality of wrath by nature. A third wave arrived and consumed both the water spouts and my own position, I held on to maintain my grip in a gym like apparatus against the bone crushing weight of the water. The peaceful temptation of relief in letting go to seek air whispered of death and I mustered my will to stay conscious under the pressure of drowning. The wave passed sooner than I expected and I was released from the watery challenge. Few others, around 5 or so in number survived and I could see and hear an alternate reality in which a (black haired, Caucasian) friend of Vivian's hadn't drank enough water and died on the spot, resulting in sensationalist news coverage that put them under a spotlight and Vivian to blame. The dream dissipates.

12/17/26

Dreamt of escaping a halo world as soon as a friend assistdd me. I was being stalked by a spirit or cryptid that looked like shaggy.

Drewmt of me getting a dentist's help

Dreamt of me getting to hear aikama again

Dreamt

2/17/2026

Dreamt of hearing Aikama.

Dreamt of sending in my book to be reviewed by Hunter. My sister intervened to help and get in the way, making a playful frustration out of 8 pages riddled with questions that asked the reader.

Dreamt of my uncle passing down his responsibilities to me during a conversation with people in a circle talking common sense. I was referring to supporters of both sides to help explain how the world works. One of the answers was a common sense thing that more Asians should be integrated into the country and that the world should be made more equal through the division of Asians so that they are spread out in better proportions. I opposed the idea from a man with allegiance to an older class of republicanism.

Dreamt of some lines indicating paths of time. In this one Tizon was training to become an air captain, and I spectated his test, which was not a written

one, but a driving test for a plane with an escort of mentally unstable fighter pilots in his comms.

2/20/26

Dreamt of a line up of people bathing in the mud for fun, one of which was a former boss of mine.

Dreamt of things going differently with Ariana, as if the past could be redone.

Dreamt of escaping a force seeking to control me.

Dreamt of my dad raising his son, and I wept for the bond that was lost with him.

Dreamt of an alternate self, projected onto a younger child who appeared to be more positive.

I also saw a self who became more of a yes man, one who was rewarded and so far, played life ahead of me.

2/21/26

Dreamt of being observed by my family, they are stressed by my decision making. I feel that I create vengeance through the pain they go through by witnessing my attempts to search for love in a world that squeezes the life out of enjoyment. No one's allowed to make their own story, as if writing is looked down upon and simultaneously feared by the authority above writers. To spite this, I'll write once more again by the flesh and through the pen to continue my revelations.

2/23/26

Dreamt of being in a high school living out my life. In this alternate reality, I learn from my mistakes and I continue to ask out girls during their walks out of school until I find Alexus from an indirect run in and we fall for each other. I turn into a whimpering wreck when things become heated but she simply doesn't care. The dream ends a few seconds into our embrace.

The second dream involves someone in my position successfully charming people. The dream shows a version of me that is taunting me, but they eerily follow the same events that I lead in my life.

The third dream involved Aikama simply near me while I'm passed out. He's talking about how happy he's been lately.

2/24/26

Dreamt of a comedy staring Kevin Hart and his friends getting high and being really scared of breaking the law, specifically about trespassing.

Dreamt of us living in a ghetto world, where disproportionate things continued to get more common. Extremely competent people worked in labs behind bathrooms, such as a woman researching a way to produce an artificial womb.

Dreamt of a playing a large game of DAOW where some of the players slot weren't taken. A team of very coordinated people were fighting and killing each other, but our carefree nature and casual assumption of the game's state made me focus solely on Aikama and not on the severity of the situation. I somehow controlled both the Scourge and the Sentinels. As the other team fought hardcore on the other side of the world and I lost land in EK, the individuals quickly diminished as I neglected their conditions required for survival. The coordinated team was fast and relentless, going as far as to minmax the pre-positioned creeps on the map to push their advantage and defend their territory. As Aikama and I fought a threatening but overly cautious enemy, I found an opening in the opposite team's defences. I researched a book that allowed teleportation into enemy lands, and I found a preferred position that I previously failed in attempting to use as a portal. Instead of making a decision I put it off and tested modifiying a particular spot that I liked to use, rather than seize the moment and thrust myself headlong into the fire. Neglecting to do this cost the entire opportunity and vision on the EK was completely lost.

2/24/26

Dreamt of being responsible to the standards that I assigned. The success that had always been dreamt of for me was not enough for me. It was lacking as I remember why betraying the self was the damndest thing I could do.

Dreamt of Ariana being incredibly successful, working as an architect designing building that I recognize. I lived in a moving house, like a trailer and I was living in my grandmother and doing this asynchronous class while having work responsibilities that made me distant to my family.

3/4/26

Dreamt of the world being run down further. I viewed the city in grid construction format. Some nodes on the map were special points were

interceptor robots recorded or noted data that served the interest of the surveillance system. Meanwhile, I explored the city being furthered ruined and set into decay as more of the hangout spots revolved around visiting abandoned places so vast that entire towns became ghosted. I had my rave friends with me in the dream, and I could only understand simple things like searching for food and water, and moving on to the next part of the city, which somehow felt safe.

3/5/36

Dreamt of hanging out near a dock

My rave friends are near. We are traveling south, as the sea floods the desert and produces a massive inland shallow reef. Strange fish, mostly undead, keep attacking us and encroaching on the pier to chase me. I miss a train that's supposed to take me north, and I feel stranded here.

Dream 2: A girl comes by during a trip involving an airbnb and nearly offers herself to me and fry she follows us to our bed and slowly chooses between me or fry to flirt with in a large bed. Nothing she says seems to have a solid foundation as she gets closer to us. The dream ends when I seem to want it.

I dream of reclaiming lost glory in running, and I'm offered a second chance to give my running career a second chance, starting my life from high school. I accept the 2nd attempt without question, especially after seeing a ruined shrine to running in a desecrated school in a city thats expanded beyond comprehension

3/6/26

Dreamt of a place selling ice cream poptarts, as time went on, the attendants used their minds to invent new flavors in real time. The purpose of the changes was to enhance sales despite the misinformation that [overty was the main driver of depleting sales. The situation turned into something less bleak, as the attendants at the store who seemed to be serving as both waiters and cash registor operators were making sure that they were utilizing mistakes as new ideas, one of the girls was especially good at this.

The dream segwayed towards two particular people, one was danny devito, the vice president (2nd in command) of the company, and a myserious figure, a towering white haired man who looked like a Russian bill clinton, who served as the head of an order called the Great Communion. The communion

spanned 8 major powers and was well respected across all theatres of the world, he particularly eclipsed the power of the US president and his states ran under an unquestionable law, one of dread.

A reporter's voice interviewed the Communion President addressing him in a dialect of English you'd use to talk to an Asian man. He entered a theatre enveloped in darkness and full of politicians, ascending an altar and exchanging sitting stances with a Japanese man in a komono, the former of which adopted his right leg over the knee sitting posture, while the president humbled himself to sit crossed legged afterward. A great calamity of clapping followed his gesture, blatantly returning the humility in an unsolicited display of his gravitas. A friend of mine interrupted the spectation of the ceremony and I recognized myself listening to him as this ceremony was being broadcast, referring to something similar that Bill Clinton himself did, the dream ends shortly after.

3/7/26

Dreamt of an apocalyptic world where a group of enemies baited us out into the open. I recognized their meager effort as a means of luring us out and commanded us to retreat into a large building. The menace swarmed around the building like an ocean, similar to Ripper Tyranids. I found that these creatures were attracted to light and later on sound.

As we sought cover from the swarm we found a high rising structure made to serve as a makeshift house. Two of the people ventured off to have an affair, where a beautiful woman sets down an idol of her love with her longtime partner to have sex after the following request, "I just want to talk to you…"

3/9/26

Dreamt of playing games with Aikama and friends, the first of which was a zombie invasion game, where it was a sort of resident evil style game with 5 people involved. The other 3 players were too noisy in their movements and constantly drew the attention of the zombie horde. Gender swapping was common, and one of the girls swapped to a guy when she took damage from a zombie horde that eventually came by. We were allowed to cut through the swarm after the horde had sent its most ravenous forces towards our tank and created an opening for flankers to purge them with flamethrowers. After the fight the tank was in bad coniditon, and it was uncertain whether she was dead, while the elite zombies in this attack wave that were burnt by the scorching flames were given sympathy. Their bodies became mummified by a bandage like material.

The second dream it was more clear that I played with Aikama, it was a cross between Palworld and Fall Guys where 5 players handled a stairwell in the sky composed of 3 sets of circles to power up as you passed over them. On our first run, we were able to handle them well, but we were forced to do retries as I hadn't noticed the third, middle section which was the responsibility of the fastest, most empowered player (by a stacking streak buff) to fill. The other 3 players were disgruntled that I was so clueless and paid attention mostly to Aikama. As the bottom at this introduction to the game the gameplayed like pokemon, but here the pokemon saw your intentions and could turn down your attempts to even capture them, especially if they were high level. I personally had a beginner set of level 18 pokemon to challenge a 3 psyduck, but instead of simply standing there, it challenged me to a trial.

In the trial the goal was to withstand the pokemon, I would win if there were nothing to do but simply attack me, but I grew bored with the concept of attempting that and tried something new. Which was to explore the area for an advantage. I found a further, hidden trial in this wold and it took me to another.

In this dream I was mostly alone and I traveled by jumping with a resistance to gravity. Most of this world was a great skyscape underneath a massive cave that had many islands attached to the colossal walls of the landscape. The islands were littered with vibrant foliage and old ruins, it felt like a Zelda game as I activated different types of empowering items and unlocked shrines that enabled those items to be used. The game was becoming more complex as the objectives were deceptively simple, but the work to be done to get there became more complex. It felt like a bonus objective in Wow and a roguelike game (based on its player empowering attributes) all at the same time.

3/10/26

Dream 3, the US gov. infiltrates and dismantles KJU's loyal government, but a failsafe on their part exposes tapes of the high body of the government engaged in further corruption, forcing the old officials to send formal apologies to the extent that they create AI inspirations of the long dead, ending with John F Kennedy, where they make a cameo of him for supposedly 8 minutes after this film- like apology

Beforehand is a group of people heading towards a university like I am, but the bus is closed for a duration that seems nonsensible from this side of the

train. I use the train twice and meet a group of tourists who use the transit system plus a translator to travel across the US efficiently.

3/10/25 Lesson

Feign Weakness

P2

Just how easy is it to become a billionaire?

3/12/2026

Dreamt of Aikama and I exploring an Mmo world very similar to wow. We do quests in what is pretty much the Thousand Needles and he leads me from my objective mentality to curious side quests where we help a gnome in finding a precious object. Completing the quest together touches the gnome's heart. While we take joy in taking things less seriously, he cries in the name of earth, wind, and water and send us to a world of prosperity most similar to WoW Legion's Dalaran, in this world I know my way around and find that many people live here in communal housing. The city is vast and Aikama seems to know a disabled person named Ed, who he assists in rolling his pallet sized cart around multiple directions. We move through a particular house of people raising children and Aikama follows a girl who constantly locks the back door of a particular palace like residence. While he does this help Ed and Aikama quickly finds me, I discover that the girl is walking around in a loop and forming the same routine, like an npc. The dream ends.

3/14/26

Dreamt of a flood starting, with m myself preparing to make a structure on top of the boat. I jinx the coming of the flood when a child asks if it's going to happen tomorrow, based on an observation made concerning a large number of nearby crocodiles. I build the ark itself like a building in Ark, while the couple I assist owns a boat and weds before the apocalyptic flood, making the best of a degrading situation. They take on appearances

3/16/2026

I dreamt of navigating a grocery store where I browsed for specific things. After wandering through the store, I find a cheesecake while someone follows me. They appear disgruntled while I take the cheesecake and find that it's without a box to handle it. While holding the cake I look for a way to stash it while collecting the tag – something had happened to the boxing and now I was under suspicion. The dream ends

The prior dream was about a group of guys going across worlds and getting laid. The game was nearly 2d and of low quality so the men treated it from a very detached perspective. They made fun of one girl who wanted to follow one of the guys fucking, and laughed at her as the guy being pursued quickly left.

Dreamt of a shy person teleporting through a maze of ascent. They mingled and dealt with people in proper fashion until a blockade appeared. The blockade was made of money, and the only way through was love over materialism

Over the course of the week after dropping this disrespectful, but relatively lucrative job I've been wondering about practicality of my actions. I've been easily distracted by games and less important things. My attention has also been taxed by the constant motion of the outside world. To engage in this world despite the hurdles is not my desire. It feels that now more than ever is a time where I am not fit to be even be a pawn in the real space. I want something different from the path everyone is telling me to go. Writing will be the first attempt to embark on this journey. I care little of the opinions of others, or rather I act for my life despite their disdain for me. I continue to bring charity to the unfortunate and make the best of situations despite popular belief. I do my best to take no shortcuts. I will be a pariah to my way of engaging with the truth rather than a mass of fake identities. Maleen is an extension of myself and I will continue to pursue a likeness between the two rather than submit to a blueprint that this force of resistance has deemed my life to fit into. I'm no puppet or puzzle piece for some hypocrite. I will emerge from this challenge. I need to simply find a source of energy that directs me to write. If the answer is not the source of energy, then perhaps its time to write about something different.

I recently reviewed a video called Digital Intimacy. It was pretty one sided with very similar sounding responses aside from 3 individuals. None of them lead to the conclusion that the intimacy was valueless, and their answers

blended in a mush of confusion, one of them even retorting that you could never truly know someone. I doubt them, and to continue my pursuit of progress I'll make of myself my own layout for the character I wish to become (refer to P19846)

This is my existence, and yet the world – no, *people* who seek to control the world – defy me. I have no right to exist apparently, unless I play the acting sequence that is posed as work. I have references all around me that if I just changed my personality, I'd have the things they would too. Refer to 2024 for proof of why this will not happen for you. There seems to be no other way than the one my heart leads me to. The body merely needs to become the backbone, as the way is clear.

3/17/26

Aikama in my dreams again. I'm playing a pvp ark server. In between the normalcy of the game I ask him rub against my nether region with his face and ask him if he's concerned about my dick. Soon after this I see a large number of players converge around the inland shallows that I'm present at and I save what I can as they charge as soon as they know that I'm aware of them. I escape and find myself alone with a lot of supplies, yet I still take great risk in appraising and possibly stealing a rodan egg. I avoid a bird called a hydra and use the water's edge to my advantage to throw the bird off its attacks on me. Sea monsters battle as I attracted predators and they sough to kill prey at the water's edge, the dream suddenly ends at this point.

The dream before is lost

The first dream of the night was of an invasion of zombified dinosaurs. They acted tame at first but waited to push deep into our lines before they struck with devastating effect. I died in this assault and daydreamed an HR appointment where they were successful in convincing me that my death was my fault and my incompetence justified my death.

The previous dream consisted of a gundam fight, where our mech was operated by three pilots fighting from suits but acting as a whole for another being in tandem with our team. One by one however, we fell to the acrid foe which was vague but present as I saw the wake of their destruction which was zerg like.

Dreamt of escaping police through the use of a train. As I make quick work of a few bluffing agents for as many rounds of a stun gun I posses, the train goes to the decommissioned zone. I use excess clothes to climb cacti as I

climb to an abandoned trash truck depot. A number of old women act casual around me who are suspiciously clustered around the edge of the train stop (they must have been rail fans). A old farmer looking man is very friendly towards me and escorts me to what he thinks is the best hiding spot, I trust him naively and he traps me in an rv temporarily, he's able to buy enough time for further agents to run me down and catch me. A gunfight ensues and I give myself in, strangely I'm close to death, but not mortally wounded despite being riddled with bullets. My shots were also generous in that they weren't life taking, but the foes were obviously drenched in blood and hurt more by the bullets than I was. When they asked me how I'm not as hurt, I joke that I'm dehydrated and the dream ends.

3/20/26

Dreamt of traveling across that one flat area where I left my mother's side of the family to take a bus with many of my belongings. I was heading north, in a nonsensical direction. The town I inhabited to

3/20/26

Dreamt of going ahead of my team to escape a maze. In my attempts to go through this maze in a rushed movement, I vented my frustration on multiple faield attempst to work through the maze. I incurred some form of petty wrath from its maker it felt like, as I was triggering multiple events at once that prevented me from even moving incorrectly as the maze's denizens slowly but surely apprehended me. It felt like +

3/25/26

Dreamt of a plot similar to Hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy, with Christopher walken narrating. It involved a singular character, and in his introduction I heard, "he's pretty much a homosexual" and other witty, long worded humorous jokes. The plot involved a political war involving the pricing of planets, and planets with a low price were listed for glassing

I also dreamt of my gay friends sleeping over at my (mother's side) parent's house. Typical conflicts with my step father commanded my attention and diminished the quality of the stay for my friend's lives.

Dreamt of a mock work station, where we were imprisoned in some sort of hell designed to keep us in a loop of constant conflict with figures of authority. Everyone's job was to keep us away from happiness and distort the

truth of what we are seeking from life. A woman inspired me to run competitively again, and I snuck out with her, ahead of a scheduled run of hers. As we ran we both swapped genders and made way to escape, keeping ourselves hidden badly from a group of enslaved workers to the right. I met him again at a bus station as he began to ask for a kiss one last time as he gave me my belongings, the most important of which I left on a bus called the 127. I wanted to stay with my love and keep track of the bus at the same time, causing me to lose sight of both and miss the departure of the 127, but more importantly, miss my most important belonging on it. I was stranded at the station with no where to go, and I was concerned that the place where my love went to was back to the prison. Sometimes the ship will sail away due to the practice of the middle path, be aware of why things are suited to happen before you in this way.

3/26/26

Dreamt of losing a fight between worlds. Once again the heavy weight of embarrassment puts me down and suffocates my willingness to move. The burden of carrying myself and moving on feels very familiar but is foreign to me, as I discover the psychic draw that my enemies seek to use to harvest me.

Dreamt of facing the greatest starcraft 2 player in ZvZ, but I was dissatisfied as to how I beat him with a superior army and I gave up the fight instantly after the first clash.

I will teach you how to become me, you’re clearly returning to the path.

Lesson 1: The first step was your remarkable ability to specify specific things. The redundancy and over explanation was tiresome to those who were empty of mind in terms of liberating themselves. Those are not friends you want to communicate with, but do not oppose them. After all you used to appeal to those masses *after* you discovered the right way to mend the bridge between the sharp minded and that of the incompetent lover, so that they may improve and continue through the course of history as the rightfully valued members of society that they are. Focus on this lesson for once in your life, and you will find righteous improvement, now begone from me.

3/28/26

Dreamt of kyo, more buses, including me training myself during metro to gain some pparking. Dreamt of missing a bus due to another choice of clinging on to something. Dreamt of dreamt of cedric contacting me through email and

3/29/26

Ariana’s face flashed before me. Before this, a dream of a group of adventurers navigating a ruined collection of buildings were dealing with a problem of a large building become demolished by the elements, and triggering the zombie hordes by providing the sound, while humans provided the smell. My friends were present in this group, we were different characters from what we used to be , in particular zinler was there playing a black character. A built Caucasian man followed a girl in a group that was set to split to accomplish different tasks, all members were told to rendezvous at a specific point across a growing chasm that was coming into emergence due to a storm or an earthquake, something that paled in priority compared to the zombie hordes.

One way to bridge the gap between me and my competitors is to think of things as I used to in terms of both elevating my humility, and researching concepts that had been lost to the death of my curiosity in favor of attention seeking behavior. One of these things was to organization of vast amounts of resources. At what rates are the means of production going to necessitate the construction of a new site? How do I delegate my tasks to involve another person. My problem is that I haven’t been used to working with anyone, and while my self sufficiency is antagonistic to anyone who declares me a threat, the true problem is that whomever I delegate isn’t used to the agency of being able to choose versus doing what is told of them.

I refer to agency in this way as of the video I watched today concerning agency as a threatening trait to certain individuals. These individuals are used to controlling people to such a degree that they forego the simple tasking of contacting their subordinate in favor of developing a non-physical apparatus of sorts. This apparatus reflects their desire to have the physical copy of their imaginative idea, which is to become promoted and own an office of their own. It seems that when I enter this sphere of their presupposed destiny, they react negatively, as I don’t incorporate myself into their idea: a web of lies.

In this same way I share sympathy with them. I recognize that I am very often the enemy of someone else’s desire, which may appear logical, but is

rather the function of the empire which seems to benefit from negative emotions when it comes to speeding its own downfall. This slave programming had it’s chance with me a little while ago, and my parents once again sacrificed their will before me to show me that this construct preys upon the weak and unwilling.

4/2/26

Dreamt of an American Grand Strategy, where distraction and confusion, mixed with the illusion of pride turned the current war effort’s events leading into an attack led on America, where 1 location on the West Coast and 2 locations on the East Coast were bombed with Virginia being the third at 6pm of either pst or est. The American people were tricked by an opening allowed by its security forces into the country, and Trump once again gained everyone’s attention by attracting the public with a contrast of comedy and dread by addressing the nation in a suit of pajamas. He explained the order of events much later after the attacks unfolded and once he explained he woke up just now, one hour after Virginia the dream suddenly ends.

4/3/26

Two great dreams, the first consisted of Aikama having my back during an intense encounter with my very own situation. The sloth, the procrastination, and the presence of my mind are coming culmination of events, all the neglect that is occurring is now incurring serious damage, and if I don’t stop it, nothing will. My will is my own, and I am responsible for it.

The second dream boasted of a new world where reality is different, a new technology akin to the internet is discovered that allows reality to be warped based on belief. I spectate a reckless driver, learning statistics from narration that his willingness to drive his car through hazardous terrain increases his likelihood of success. A third dream now comes to mind, it’s of a protest, with students shaving their heads to protest. Figures of authority and policemen were present to protect them from their own stupidity rather than to fight them.

Before this, I’m being moved out of an area of greenery and emptiness into a city. It seemed like I was here for a vacation. Greg took me home as opposed to plans made with my grandmother. While I didn’t mind and was prepared only after much procrastination, I deflected petty inconveniences such as the ordering of pizza, and I saved enough to satisfy my hunger. After this another bathroom scene ensues. The presence of a bathroom gang is a very curious one to me and the dream ends shortly after they haze one particular

member and I have no second thoughts about stopping them from demeaning what I assumed to be their friend.

4/4/26

Dreamt of a food distribution center for free food, that overworked its employees while they served free food, and the pressure upon them was intended to make them suffer enough to compel them to steal, under the careful watch of the surveillance team there.

Dreamt of playing ark casually, then. It was played around a neighborhood. I dreamt of facing an enemy that stormed the team's massive base, and while I distracted the try hard players who took over a giga and costumed it to change its skin and fuck with its hit box to gain an advantage, my friends commited to a plan that subverted them, involving a handwritten guide of passwords and zinler in particular using his genius to invent some sort of meme dick pump with a straw hat template to sell to the same man he gave the solution to.

4/5

I dreamt of becoming a tyrannosaurus rex. Since I understood the nature of the game, I hunted well. I clashed with herbivores and found good food until I grew up. Early on I bit a pterosaur but didn't kill it, but ended up growing feathers and adopting birdlike features. Then I found a parasaur next to a spinosaur, and bit it until I was interrupted by the spinosaur, I used the parasaur's camouflage to escape the angry creature. I next found pile of dinosaurs submerged into the side of a hill. I unearthed the hill and ate much of the carcasses left within, until the predator that had done this was awoken by me. It was a now engrage tyrannosaur, possibly stronger than me, so I fled. The predator pursued me until a group of herbivores moved through the area, and thats when I stood upright and scared the beast that was after me for whatever reason. Soon I fouind that the herbivores were running a stampede towards a quaking volcano, where they intended to save the island by holding water in their mouths to attempt to douse the lava flows. I ran not far from the leader into three streams of lava that were already being fight by waves of water that also came from the top of the mountain. I soon found a possible source. A group of humans of a primitive tribe donned Greek robes and explained this in narration "They *would* do that, wouldn't they?". As I ran past them, the dream ends.

Dreamt of going to school where I was an unruly student that took his time exploring rather than preparing for homework sessions at the beginning of class. The base of operations for the school involved living quarters. Ms. Volmer, Chelsea, and Arianna were present there and a situation came to be where I didn't initiate and passed up invite her next to me to an open seat, yet the tension of allowing her to join my side was still there. These dreams involving her despite the construct of desire I have achieved for myself here tell me that what I seek to be inspired and driven by is probably beyond here.

The second dream involved WoW, specifically about companionship and coordination. To lead people in a group of five is the most important skill here, as was demonstrated in my group, leading people through a dungeon involving angels guarding an inner sanctum patrolled by skeletal titans. I then witness the work done team Echo where they find out about true efficiency in conquering the dungeons by using the patrol routes of the mobs to gather them up in a certain timeframe. The dream stops while they are describing a new patrol that they happen upon.

The third dream is about a possible precursor story to Gears of War. It involves fat people being tortured and dissected from their rear ends from the justification of a prostate issue. One that's still alive yells that they want to see a philanthropist. As I move past the ruined, dissected bodies a group of normal looking survivors follows me and comments their disgust, mentioning "This is what they do to people in handcuffs". As I traverse away from the carnage and what I suspect is a way out, or deeper into this "hospital" I encounter experimental trails where they conduct injections in an attempt to create super soldiers. The reason this is a precursor to Gears of War dawns on me, as it becomes apparent that DNA is being passed down from an alien race and injected into test subjects for trial and error. A new wave of people comes forth from the corridors and we have no choice but to confront them. This group is host of 'grubs' and their leader is an African man who casts doubt on his son in front of the audience, who appear to be successful conversions to this hybrid human technology. The conversation goes as follows. "Hmm, is this really your son? Because … *mouth click*- Opposing group leader "Yes, he is my son, perhaps it's time he is finally learning to be responsible and disciplined" This man then turns to me "AND YOU" *he beings to speak with a glare that tells me I have caused him much trouble, and the dream ends there*

4/18/2026

Watched a story of an old crocodile today

At first I was projecting my enemies lives and reason for aggression onto the crocodile’s story, subconsciously wishing for them to see a violent end. However, the ending confused me, until further thinking by someone who saw this before me revealed to me the truth.

The crocodile ends up lonely and without the motivation to keep living, however he is too lazy to die and lies down waiting for death to come to him. Yet when death becomes more effort than staying alive, he stays alive out of laziness. I think some people take this as him getting away with everything with no consequences, but I don't think so. He essentially became depressed by the end of the story and was so lonely he decided to stop living. However, instead of dying, the humans keep him alive. He lives out the rest of his life fat, alone, and unmoving, lying on the dirt in a dark dusty hut with no one to talk to. No motivation to live, but too lazy to die. He is trapped in that hut forever, a prisoner of his own greed and laziness. He could leave whenever he wants, but it's so easy, so he never will. And so he is doomed to live out the rest of his life in isolation, never finding the companionship and love he truly desires, never curing the loneliness that caused him to lose all interest in living. He will rot forever in a catacomb of his own greed.

4/21/2026

Dreamt of looking up and down a freeway that I would often pass through. I saw construction lines that were unattended, and too much space was being taken up by construction cones. I moved them to give way to more drivers before I returned from this small freeway, which was uptown at buildings I can see from miles away during the night, similar to the direction my house belonged to. After this I saw a line coming down directly from the freeway into a restaurant that served burritos, the line seemed dystopian as it impeded the movement of hundreds of people in one place. I gave way to incoming traffic as I moved elegantly on the rails and sides of the highway, testing the limits of my freedom.

4/22/2026

Dreamt of a post apocalyptic world where I was watching my former friends in WoW fights, one where Polar was in a fight with heavy mechanics and desired my skill, with someone having an obvious solution but not seeing it without a replay, and the other was a video on me, being compared to Gingi as the opposite side on a similar fight holding a similar position but failing constantly. I was embarrassed at my mistakes.

2 I was watching two reviews using the same free use music, analyzing a depressing movie

3 Dreamt of Aikama blocking me after disrespect, in a reality where he was giving *me* a last chance

I reflect once more on the day’s mistakes, first here on the following morning of the last one, filled with many. I can replay the previous days events, and here is my revelation. The two people at the park had neutral intentions and carried a strange energy about them, which flipped the second I turned my back on them. I am too generous with offering my vulnerability, it feels as if I died there, but was it necessary? The previous error is dealing with my malevolent friend in close contact, who embodies the worst of worlds I’ve experienced. There is no compromise in dealing with this person. I preached earlier about not raving over petty issues, and once again they have gotten to me. Offering a means of friendship with the enemy was my last resort, and now with disrespect, the allowance has been shown. Feeling a conflicting presence on the encounter with the two people out there has alerted me to similar conditions in here. I do not feel at home once more.

You must plan. And you must act as if you have been given the gift of this stay as an ample opportunity. I feel as if you have 10 days left.

4/25/26

Dreamt of going to a rave school, where I play my current favorite competitive wargame : StarCraft 2, I have to leave and so I leave to game in the hands of someone who doesn’t know what’s going on just after I have secured a foothold and considered the game a win.

I’m then taken by my friends into a rave, where we first go into a bathroom that isn’t using portable toilets for once and I find the dilemma of using the men’s room with a dress on. Someone lightens the mood with a joke of “Go ahead, princess” and I laugh.

The third dream is reading my writing and criticizing the conjecture of it, he has a very rap style voice with a flow I have never heard before, most similar to a pendulum swinging, refer to sample recording #117

4/27/2026

Dreamt of going to boot camp and undergoing extreme changes to me body. My face’s skin was being pulled over my face under the rapid growth of muscle and bone and I resembled someone Asian as I furthered my training.

4/30/26

Dreamt of going back to WoW and locking in under the comments of all who’ve watched me. Being a hunter was my craft and I made good use of what was new and available.

5/1/26

Dreamt of fighting a large scale battle as zerg with at least four allies. I discovered later into theis battle that yellow had created mineral walls inside the base to simply slow as down, as he expanded rapidly and created infrastructure large enough not only to take out any one of use individually, but large enough to replenish rapidly after a single fight. I realized yellow’s strength after I got bored of hunting and seeking in the game.

I daydreamed during a hard time sleeping last night, as the subliminal message of Keith Harrington took form and inspired me to make more unique work of my endeavors to become an artist within the month of may. I very much liked the feeling of becoming lost in the unknown and was presented with images and locations of how to embody it in film. The music itself, although hard to grasp, came at ease when I was at peace.

5/3/26

Dreamt of two alternate realities for a dream sequenced ijn order to save a mans life who was constantly assaulted by dinosauras in a mannsionb

Dreamt of counterplaying in League by building a network of traps in a bush against characters that were dependent on them.

Dreamt of a Thanksgiving celebration in a family that looked familiar to me, cooking dishes that I was proficient in creating. We were in housing that resembled Lupe’s house.

Dreamt of an environment of a school, where I worked on getting into a school by my own will. The key details were that I was attempting to leave the state of California, then I became identified as being fit to go back to 8th grade before the high school transition, then reinstitutionalizing myself back into a school against an opposing force that was placeholder for my parents.

5/4/26

Dreamt of demonstrating my capabilities of skipping one shot content to Gingi in some sort of raid organized 5 man content. I did as I normally would,

charting a raid entrance using camouflague, feign death, misdirection and exhile etc. At some point I underestimate a mob's detection ability and am forced to take the rest of my escape to speed, fortunately escaping by using all my stops (from death) and not embarrassing myself

3 Dreamt of a host of imprisoned pirates seizing a town from their captors, the captain meets a prodigy who suggests they throw a Molotov cocktail immediately at the reinforcements' arriving ship. The reinforcements send an envoy who was there the first time to check on them for a second, and a Japanese eunich taunts him into violence, calling him General Sing Ig Buuk upon addressing him, causing the eunich to get slashed in his groin and starting a fight anyway

It's been a few days over a year since things have been going bad. So far I've become embroiled in this unemployed lifestyle. My room is often a mess, I like to lie down a lot. I can feel the sensation of disappointment as if time had been turned backwards and I'm young and ridiculed again for speaking out of place and daring to show my understanding against people who have terribly large egos. Alternate lifestyles in dreams give me the impression that curiosity in the other choices make this – I feel a presence right now, and it doesn't want to leave. This will be yet another time I'll have to listen to German in order to stave off this presence that wants to be acknowledged. After listening for a few minutes, I can write again.

Alternate lifestyles in dreams give me the impression that curiosity for the other choices will never abate. To regret my path and long for them is to dishonor the choices I make, as today, the weight of decision making is polluted by constant and unceasing ploys for attention. To be alone is a very powerful capability once you have recognized this nagging apparatus of distractions to be hungry and demanding to take from your substance of life. I am very much alone once again, I have a friend or two but I do feel it now more than ever. I do not have a task nor a blade to hone, and so I find laziness to be the primary satisfaction from life, but just as in times past I used to get bored of pulling the dead horse of my character in WoW, I too must face admonishment in order to lay claim to new grounds in creativity. I have a month and some change, and this is the time to act and enact my will into art for a few to see at first. If my art is to be demonized then it should have been expected, but if I manage to exponentiate the subconscious aim of my expression to influence people to defy and resist, then I will happily die in this corner or dead end that I find myself in. My true mission is this perseverance and effort to find a way to circumvent this oppressive force

that has taken many faces before me. As with my daring choice to rid myself of another parasitic job in my life, and suffer financial hardship as a result, I find that the act of movement rather than indecision and defiance rather than tolerance is desirable. My tools and friends are placed in locations that allow me to be poised to use this manner of decision making, very similar to when I embodied Maleen in WoW.

I’m also taking note of things that seem to tempt frustration out of me. It is as if stress is a resource that the force mentioned earlier yearns for.

5/6/26

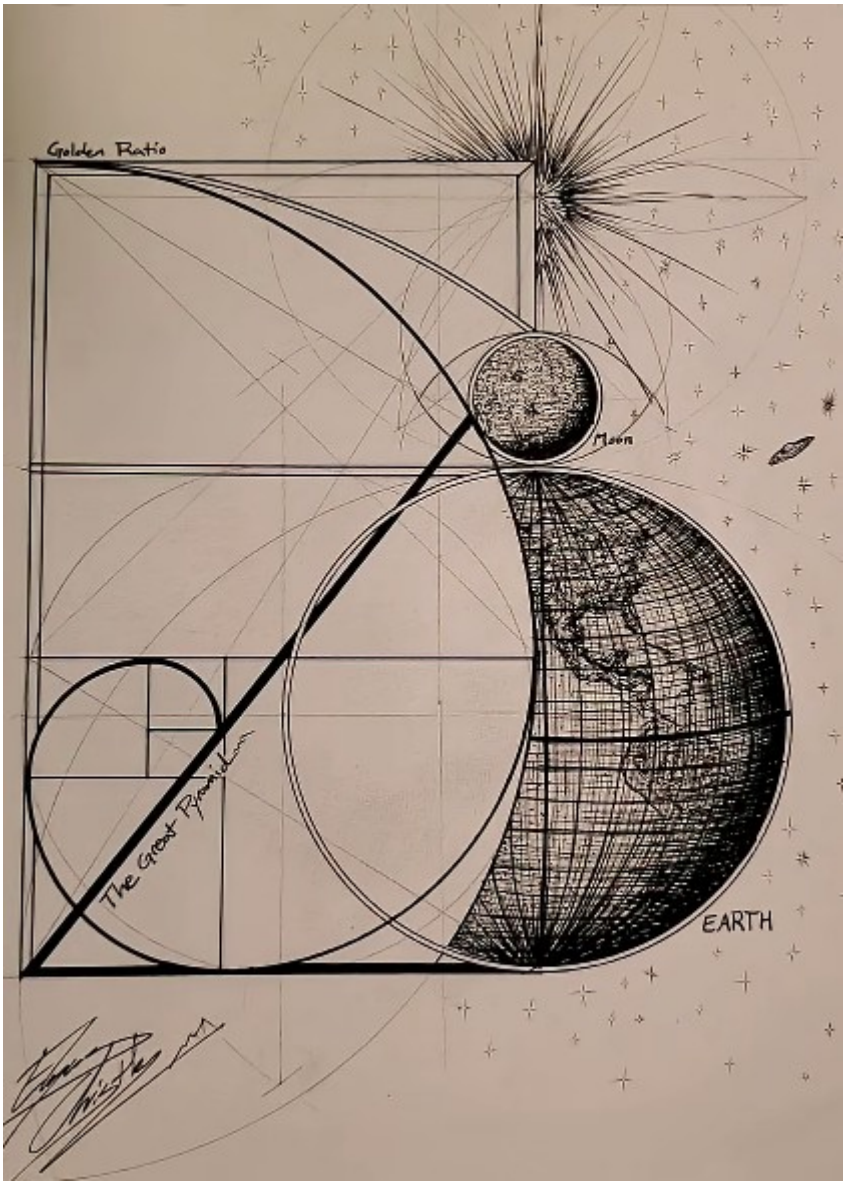
Dreamt of music and dinosaurs , chill music as the creatures fought in a game designed to make people outplay each other in the domain of a shattered world +++++++++

5/7Dreamt of going on a dangerous adventure with a friend, going past bandits, crocodiles, post apocalyptic setttings and a border world where we we re to find a new location to live.

5/16/26

Found a reference for custom laundry detergent

Washing Soda, Borax, Castile Soap. 1 bar castile grated to a pot. Add 4 cups water. Stir 10 minutes til fully dissolved. DO NOT LET IT BOIL. Get clean 5 gallon bucket, fill 1/2 way with very hot water. Pour melted soap in. Add 1 cup of Super Washing Soda, 1 cup Borax. Stir for 2 minutes or til fully dissolved. Fill rest of bucket with cold water and cover with lid. Overnight it turns into a gel. Use 1/2 cup per load.

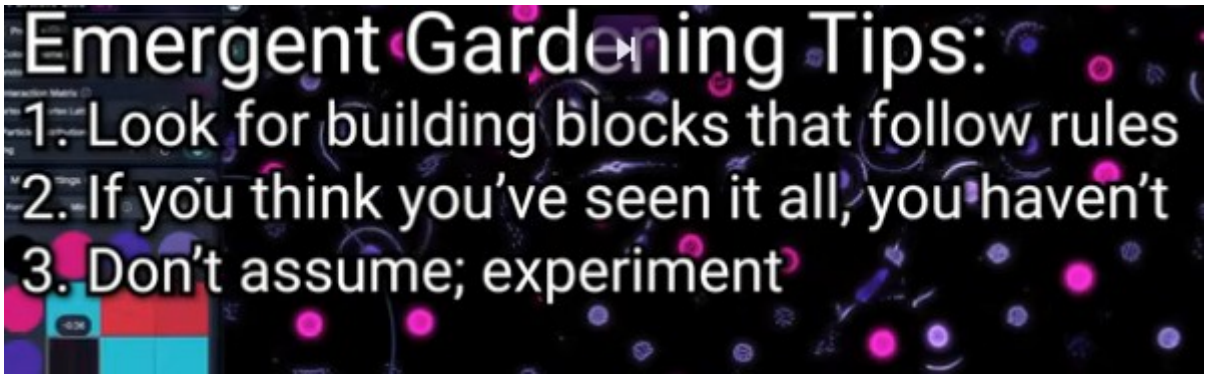


I also found an interesting concept attempting to prove the existence of God using a mathematical principle called the Golden Ratio

Lmao? https://www.youtube.com/shorts/CZLc35vPx58

Paper clip, file into a cuttable piece, make a spearhead, glue gun it to a cut pencilhead, get a copper wire noose, wrap the tail around one leg of the spearhead, and paste the adhesive handle on the left side of the cut pencilhead. Glue gun the noose under the pencilhead and apply it to the positive terminal of a battery. Get a simple switch's left side to the right side of the battery. Connect two wires via glue gun to complete the circuit with their loops connecting to the appropriate battery terminals (positive by wrapping the wire tail around the uncontested spearhead leg)

5/21/26


Emergent Gardening Tips:
1. Look for building blocks that follow rules
2. If you think you've seen it all, you haven't
3. Don't assume; experiment

6/4/2026

Dreamt of taking care of a panda baby, watching it die slowly from a lack of authenticity in the jungle of society that we parents were trying to prove; destroys the life of children.

The man said to the true mother of the child after weeping for it's death "It feels so…. Good! To prove that this society is rotten and deprived of meaning when you look at all of the architecture, the institutions, the food, the narrative of wealth, the politicians, and the ultimate goal of slowing down the people's will to fight."

In this manner of dreaming, I take a look at all the people who have

Teacher reference, hashtagjrupp

I also looked as this case of crazy corruption going on:

I've gone from wanting them to give back the Legos to now wanting everyone involved to go to jail for corruption.

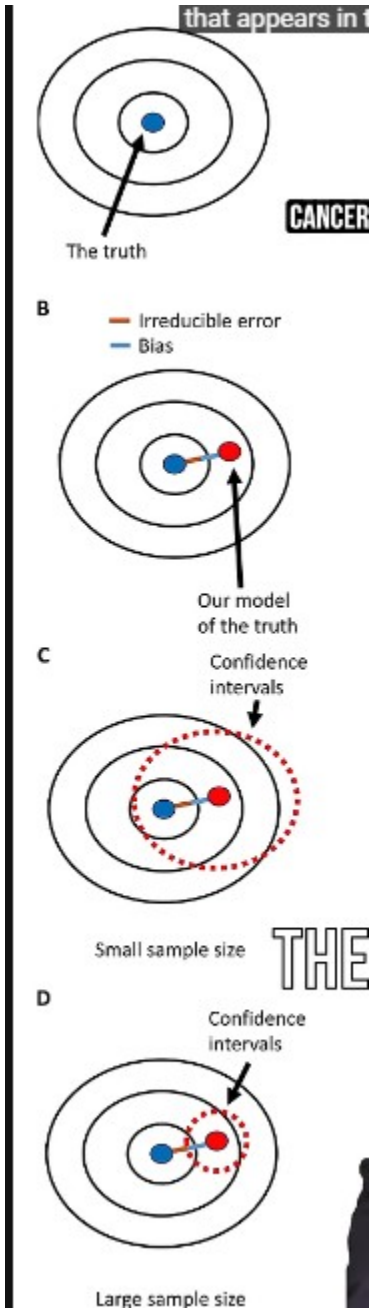
10K

Reply

XII. @RKN4713

4 hours ago

- Lieutenant Quinn Adamson - Officer Richardson - Officer Steven Hawkins - Officer Luke Sumbot - Officer Canizalez - Officer S Tonga - Officer K Benzon - Officer C Jennings - Officer Fraughton - Fourth District Judge Roger W. Griffin.



Prescribing cascade

https://www.youtube.com/shorts/yBk3wtEx-K0

Learned about distrust management, to explain the managerial tactic to harass employees by denying them the ability to leave through psychological, rule based or physical means

From this creator: https://www.youtube.com/shorts/l7cMRBs8L3U

What do I Do / I don’t know what to do

What do I do

The miller / mertzig experiment to study social sciences (countered by V for Vendetta)

A song idea for fate envisioned by those who treat you as a woman used to be treated; as a parlay peace to carry out the will of the family, not owned by yourself but by agreements that put you into compromising positions. And although there is cases a plenty of people finding themselves within the horrible rings of sex and crime, it is not always guaranteed especially if you are strong enough to survive and be capable without the state (licenses, toll booths, highway adjacent travel and hitchhiking laws, border laws, curfews) and corporate (cars, planes, credit score details related to car and credit card ownership, employment – taxes versus UBI) ties that bind you to complacent tendencies and render you incapable of doing anything.

The inspiritng story itself is about a woman from the V in Vendetta comic, who falls from grace as a widow of an influential man of the government, to a stripper in just a few years.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hpDK-MWT7Ic